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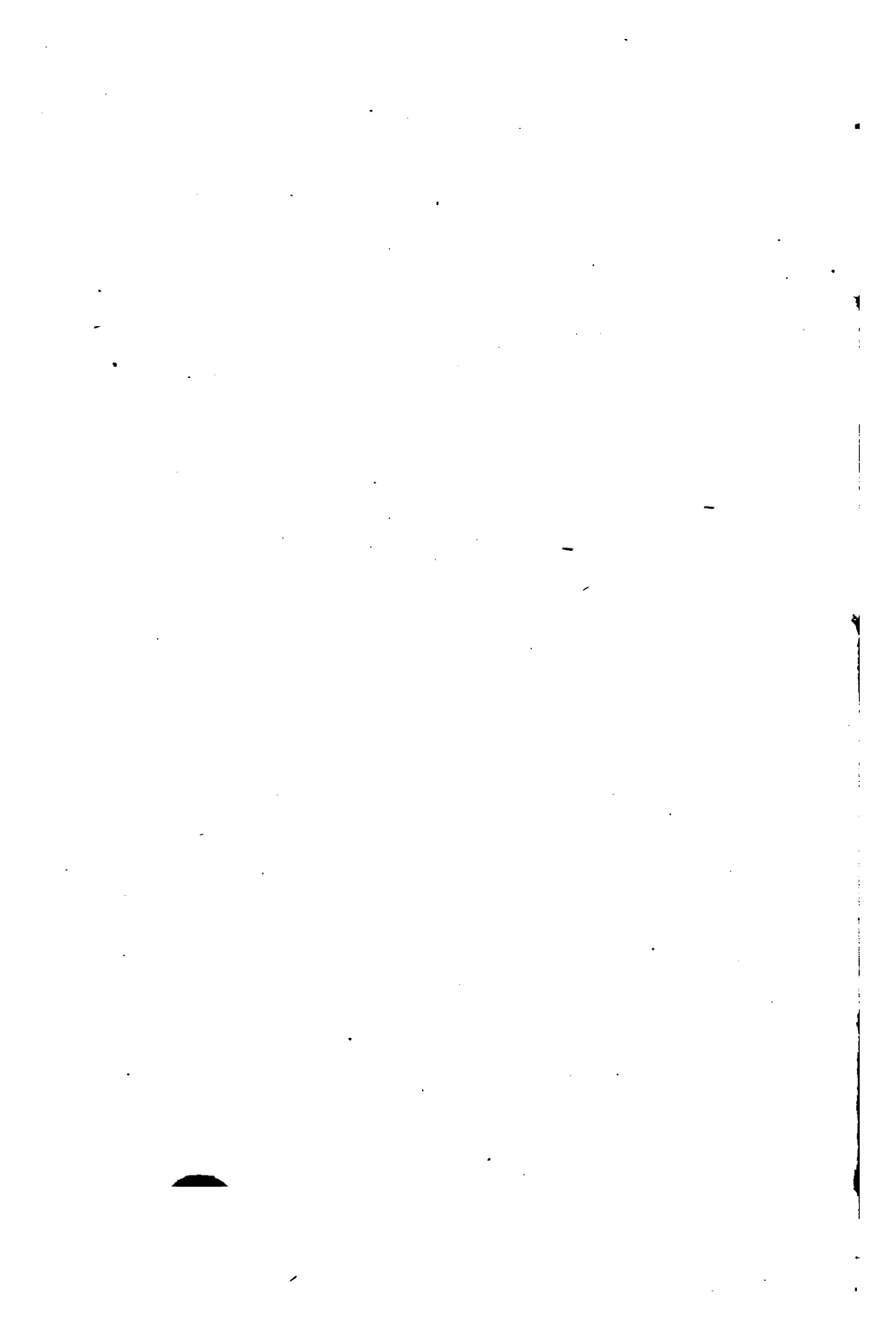


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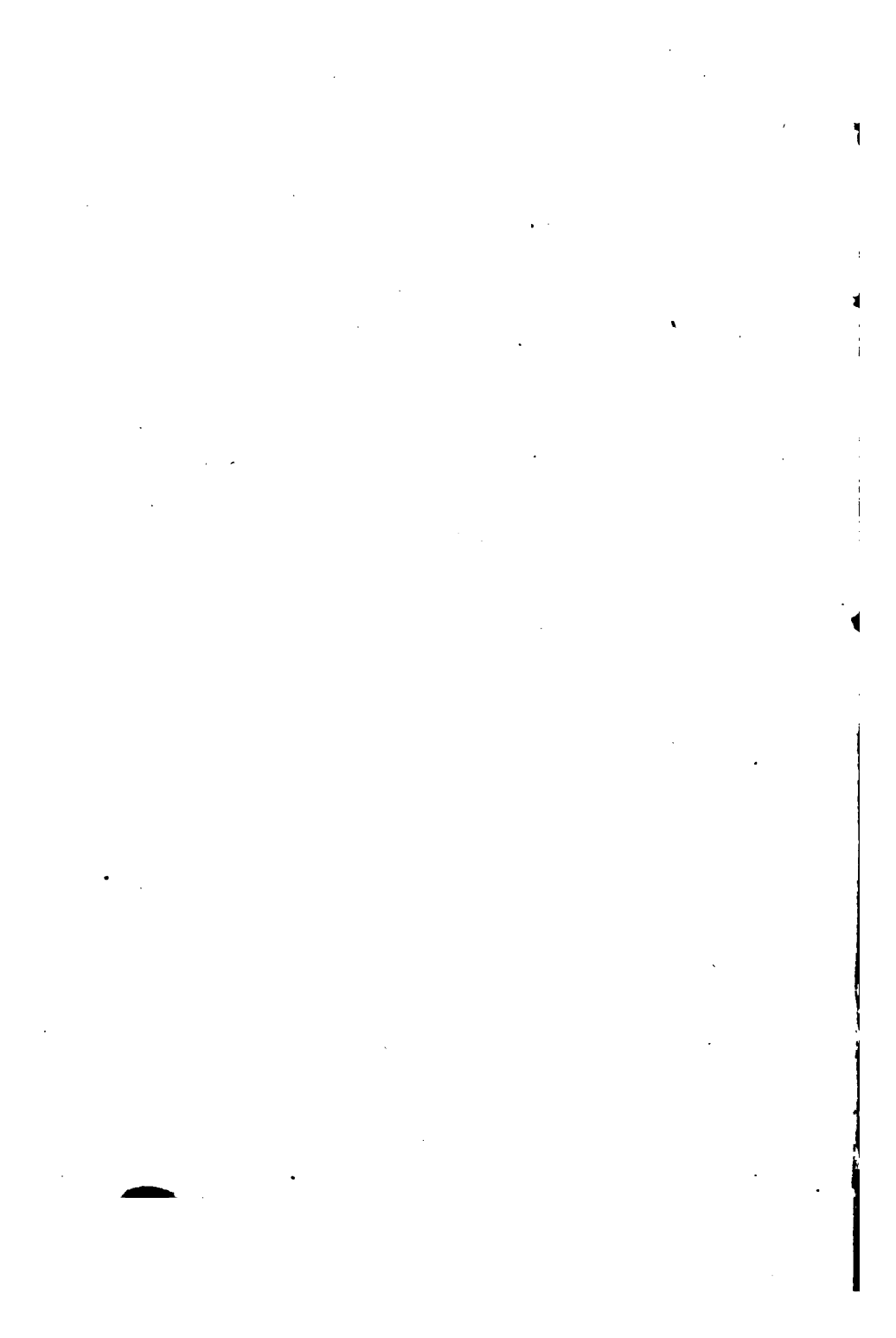




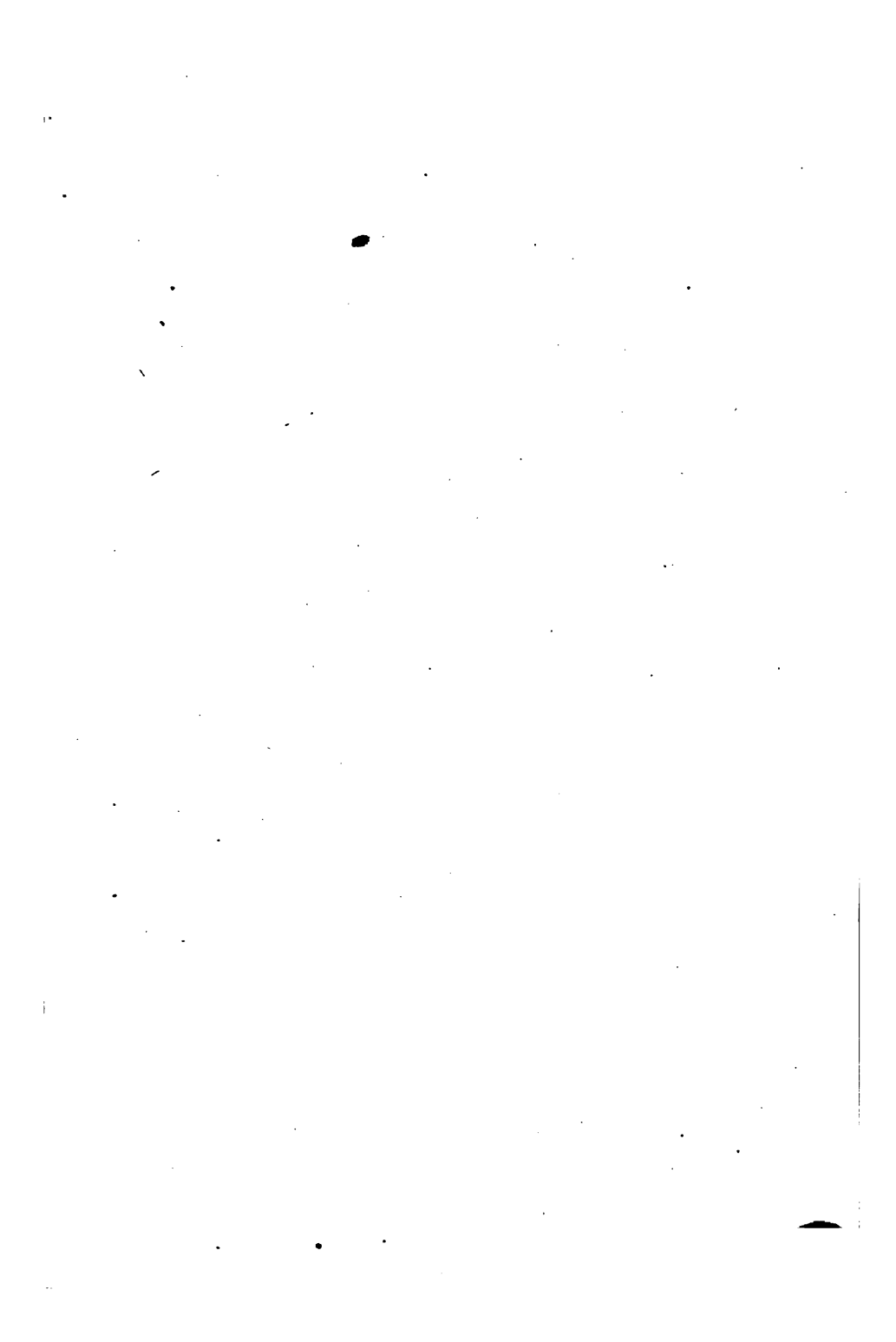




206









MY  
SUMMER IN THE KITCHEN.

BY  
HETTY A. MORRISON.

INDIANAPOLIS:  
DOUGLASS & CARLON, PRINTERS.  
1878.

VAULT

640

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Superfund  
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**Dedication.**

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TO

DAN L. PAYNE,

THE MAN WHO IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE A WOMAN,

*I DEDICATE THESE PAPERS.*

H. A. M.

VAULT

640

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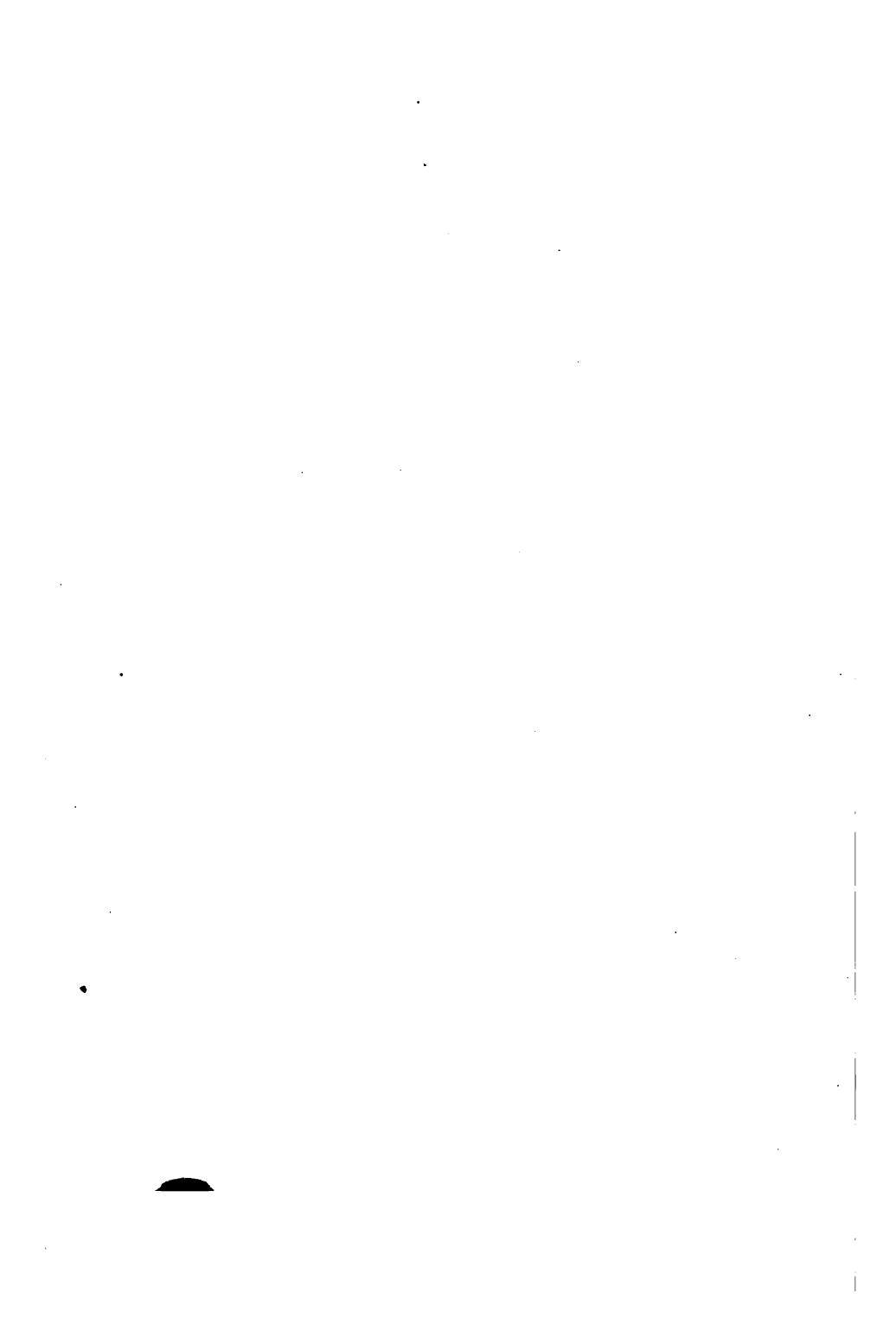
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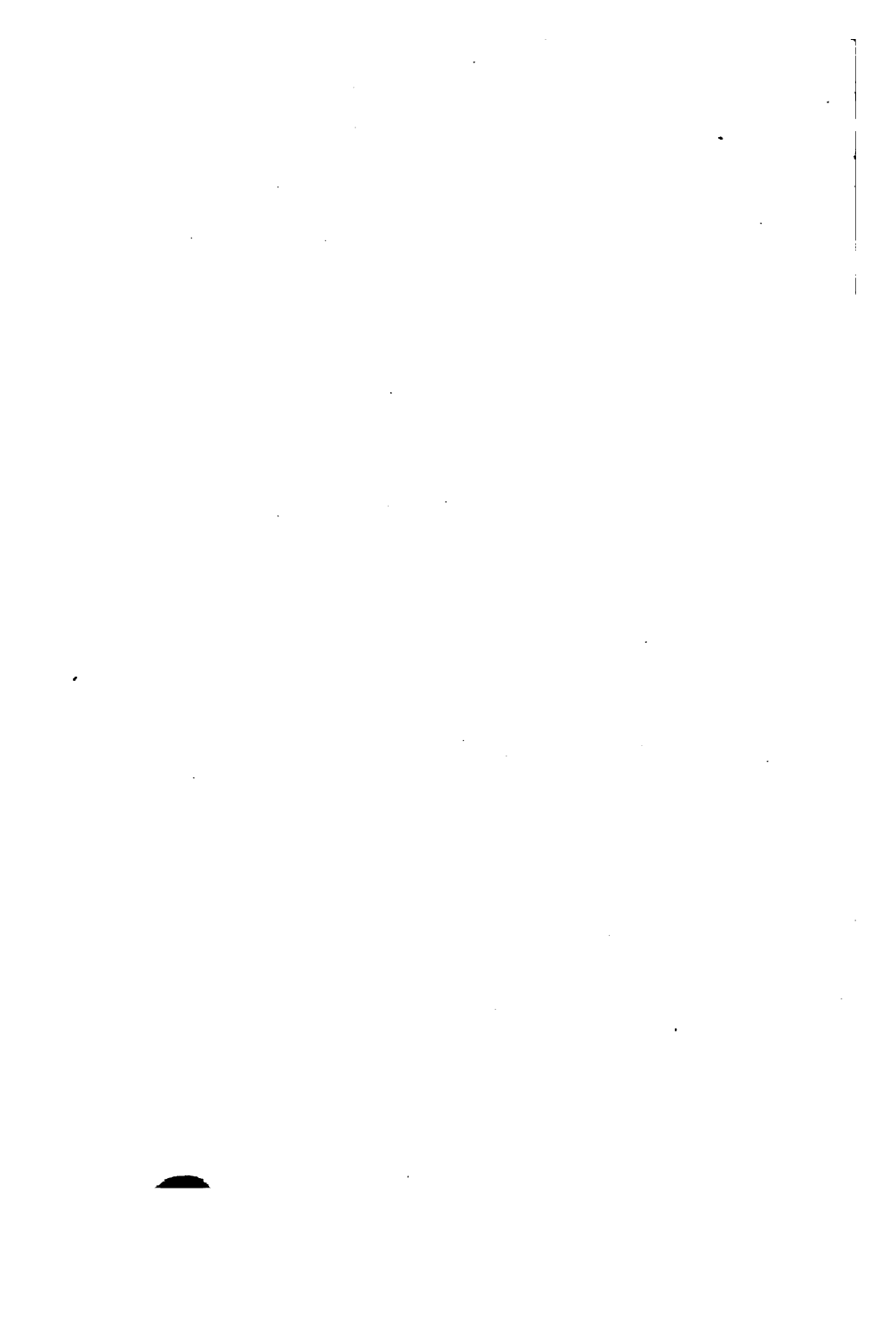
H. A. M.



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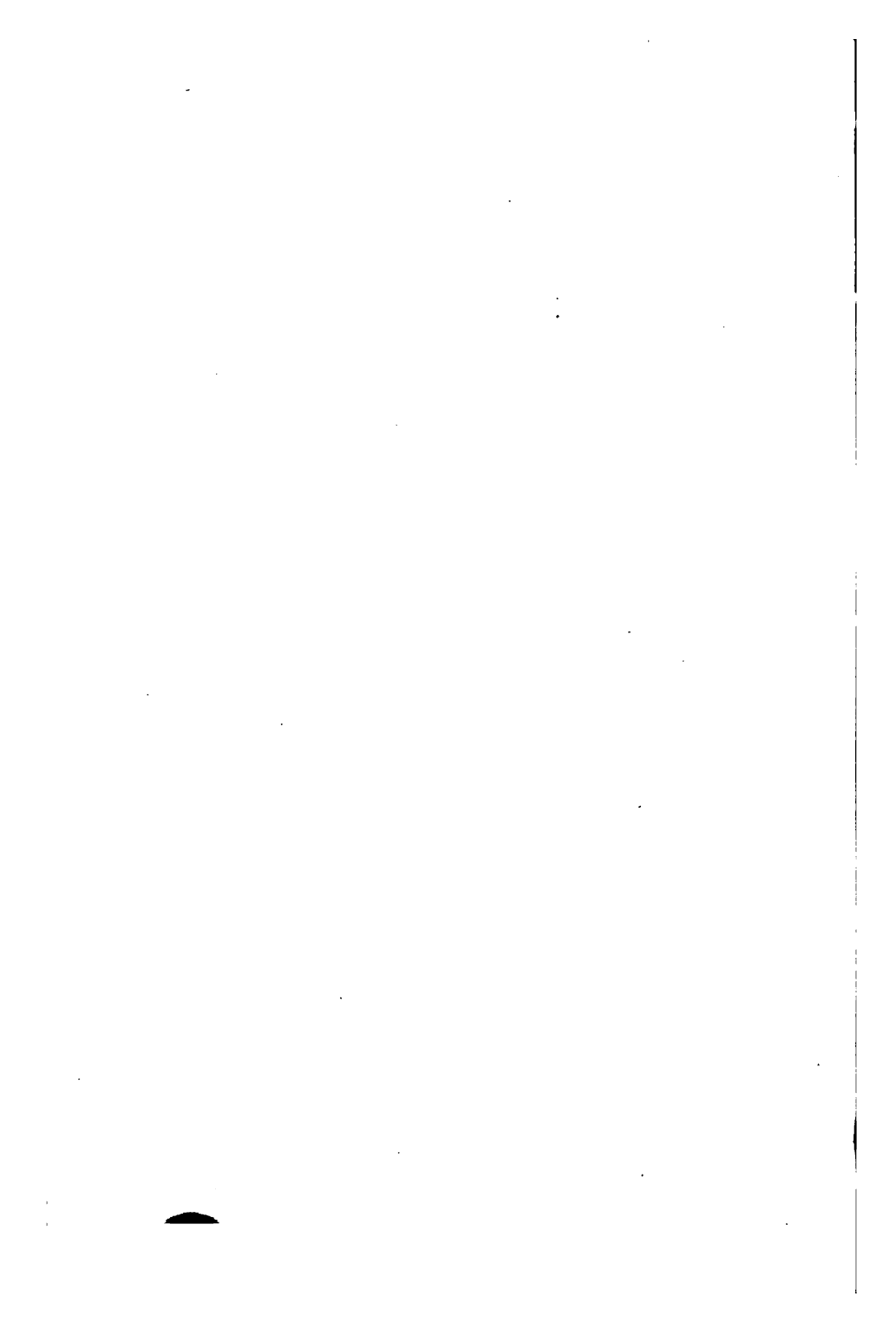
FIRST PAPER.



# WATERLOO.



“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men  
Gang aft a-gley.”





## WATERLOO.

---

**N**OT of my own free will did I enter upon a career of broiling, and roasting, and baking, "what time the dog star rages." Ah, no! far otherwhere would my lot have been cast had my own choice been consulted. I should have sat on some far distant sea-side, where the hum of the tea-kettle would have been altogether swallowed up in the mightier roar of the ocean; and, as I looked out on the limitless waste of waters, with the great white billows following each other, one after another, in a ceaseless procession, only to dash their lives out against the shore, I should have felt my soul growing to the greatness of the scene, and it should have blossomed in emotions of grandest truth and beauty; for is it not written thus of all heroines who sit by the "sad sea waves" in the intervals of their flirt-

ing? Or, could I have had the power of choice, the hospitable doors of some old farm house, looking out from a depth of greenness, and shade and coolness, should have opened to receive me.

From this retreat of sweet simplicity I should have cried:

“No more, no more  
The wordly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes,  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!”

There, in the early morn, I should have walked in the dewy fields (without getting drabbled) to where patient Sukey stood knee deep in clover, and drawn from her generous bounty the lacteal tonic that should give renewed life to my world-exhausted body.

And, when the sun had dropped so low behind the tree tops as to shoot slanting beams of sunshine between the branches, I should have wandered through the groves of this Arcadia, while the twilight gathered slowly about me, and the cheerful noises of the day grew hushed, and more hushed as

the night came down with starlight, only to light her coming.

“Alone to wander there?”

Well, no; with one—just one—say a middle-aged cavalier, or, at least, one old enough to know he might be entertaining without keeping up an incessant gabble (they never reach this knowledge under forty years of age) and, thus to have wandered, I might have learned to believe that Eden was no myth, for through the six thousand years some faint, sweet glimmer of its loveliness had come down to me. But alas!

“Roll on! thou dark, blue ocean, roll.”

Another, and not I, may stand upon the shore, to feel her soul overpowered by thy immensity, and to sink back saddened and baffled in its attempt to poise itself upon the heights of emotions awakened by thy greatness. Another, and not I, shall turn again to the halls of gossip, and dress, and flirtation, and sorrowfully confess that Littleness, and not Greatness, is more congenial to the human spirit while in the flesh.

Stand! O, Sukey! stand undisturbed of me, in thy heaven of clover. Another, but not I, may brave the threatening of thy horns, to discover whether it is but a pretty idyllic fiction that the clover sweetness passes with its life into thy breath, or a fact susceptible of scientific demonstration. Pass on, O shadow of a dream of Eden! Another, but not I, may learn to believe that Paradise was, and yet may be again; for alas! and alas! though such should have been my surroundings in these summer hours, yet who controls his destiny? Of a truth,

“We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,  
And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.”

The bold and self-reliant spirit may assert, “thus and so shall it be with me to-day and to-morrow,” and as he asserts so is it for a time; but know this, O human atom of a ten-pin! thou standest only because the ball of destiny has not glanced in thy direction.

Was not the Man of Destiny himself the master of his fate until the ball Waterloo struck him? And where was he then? And so shall it be with

thee, oh boldest and bravest. Sometime, and somewhere, shall thy Waterloo overtake thee!

Remember only in the day of disaster that it is a weak and a foolish thing to angrily demand of Fate "why," knowing the "why" includes the "whence" and the "whither," and that it has been the question of all the ages, to which even the Darwins of our kind can get no clearer answer than—"a monkey."

And not less foolish and weak, and still more wicked, is it to bewail thy case.

Suppose thy Waterloo to be Poverty (as it may easily be both thine and mine); it would be as weak and as wicked a thing to forever bewail thy case as it would be, having a sore, to be forever thrusting it, with tears and cries, upon the notice of thy fellow-men.

Would it not be nobler and braver, even with the mortal hurt of the Spartan boy (supposing you believe the story), to emulate his example, and so, by silence and endurance, conquer the gods?

In this spirit, on this, the hottest day of all the year, I verily believe, I begin to roast, and to bake, and to broil.

Whether such a spirit be an amiable one, I say unto you, O, my judges, ye who sit in cool, white garments upon the seashore, with the fresh breath of the ocean softly as a lover's touch toying about your foreheads, or ye who trail in diaphanous robes through verdant fields and shadowy groves, the mingled music of rippling brook, and singing bird, and rustling leaves, made more musical, it may be, by whispered words—I say unto you, so far removed from care and toil and the wearing frets of life,

“Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

SECOND PAPER.



# The Way of Civilization.



“Culture which, smooth the whole world licks,  
Also unto the devil sticks.”





## THE WAY OF CIVILIZATION.

---

**I**T would be very amusing—were it not rather saddening—and it would make you laugh heartily—were you not more inclined to weep bitterly, being an actor in the scene—to reflect on the Way of Civilization, when she gets a good grip of the Girl of the Period.

The Indian and the Turk are logical in their ideas and consequent treatment of woman.

The savage believes that she was made to drudge for him, and from the cradle to the grave this end is kept steadily in view, the forest about him furnishing educators in the form of clubs to develop his idea.

The Turk considers woman as a toy, a beautiful, soulless animal, created for his delight, and, as he would a toy, he pets, and caresses, and hangs jewels about her until he wearies of her.

Our astute Civilization patronizes these benighted logicians to the extent of sending out missionaries and catechisms to them, and in return borrows somewhat of the ideas of each concerning woman. Grafting these irreconcilable ideas upon some notions of her own, Civilization's training of woman is of necessity but an illogical jumble.

Civilization boldly and proudly proclaims her own idea of woman, but educates the girl as a Turk might train her, and then expects her to be contented—nay, delighted—with a life very nearly approaching the life of the Indian squaw. I appeal for the truth of this to many and many a Girl of the Period, the wretched product of such training.

Civilization professes to believe that the natural position of woman is that of wife and mother—the companion, not the toy, not the slave of man, the latter statement, however, very considerably tinctured with the Miltonian thought,

“He for God only, she for God in him.”

The inference would naturally be that the training of the girl would have this professed belief of destiny as an end in view; but, unless we accept that

when a girl-baby is born into the world, she is supposed to come with a cook stove in the one hand and a broom and a sewing machine in the other, with the ability to perform perfectly on all these instruments, this notion is the only one that has even a remote bearing on the supposed destiny.

The training the girl receives is much like what we might suppose a Turk would bestow with his ideas of the position of woman in the scale of existence.

Almost from the cradle the girl is set with her face turned away from what is called her heritage. She is practically taught for years and years to ignore the very existence of her birthright. In all directions she may turn, save this. She flies to the heavens to count the worlds that are shining there. She weighs them, and tries to remember how far from earth they are, and exercises her imagination as to their probable inhabitants, climate, vegetation and other such interesting guessing. Then back she comes to the earth, and dances over its surface, plucking flowers, and herbs, and grasses, and calling them all sorts of dreadful names, which Heaven

mercifully allows her to forget about as soon as they have passed her lips.

Then, after thus rudely scratching the earth's breast, she tears down into the poor creature's very bowels and exposes her hideous secrets of extinct monsters, and finds a vent for the liquid fires that are prisoned under ground until a general conflagration is threatened. But now she flies the scene and serenely pounds the piano, challenging comparison with the "harmony of the spheres," whereat "the angels do shrink and tremble and turn pale."

And when the bewildering and galloping chase is at an end the girl has learned—what? To dance, possibly, as well she may in such a mad gallop. As for the rest, she remembers, as in a dream, that she stretched forth her hand to grasp some bud on the Tree of Knowledge—only half grasped, always missed it.

The years go by in this butterfly fluttering here and there and everywhere, and there is no hint given the girl that life calls for anything else until there comes a day when, with shattered nerves and broken health from this exhausting flight to Heaven, and chase over earth, and burrowing beneath, and so

utterly bewildered that she doesn't know whether a Plesiosaurus is a Latin verb or a geometrical problem, she stands before Civilization in the form of some grave professor, who hands her the bit of paper that should be, but is not, written on from one end to the other with "fool" and "folly," and as he does so, in sonorous tones to round a period, he utters some sentiment about good wives and mothers!

And now, of course, Civilization steps forward to applaud the work of her hands.

It is true she has produced something of a nondescript whose rightful place in nature it would puzzle the most skillful naturalist to find, but it is the result of years and years of very emphatic training on the part of Civilization.

This creature dances a good deal, paints a little, speaks French still less, is musical, but generally not dangerously so, and has nerves—oh, be very sure she has nerves, poor soul! And having all these good gifts, she very naturally loves what very naturally goes with such things—handsome dresses, gay company and a busily idle life; and all these things are but the legitimate results of the training she has received.


But Civilization does not commend the work of her hands. On the contrary, she angrily and contemptuously cries out:

“What! this frivolous being, given to dancing, and dress, and flirtation, worthy to be a companion to man in any serious or noble sense? This ignorant creature who despises the art of housewifery and refuses the office of maternity, fitted to be a wife and a mother? O horror! Where are our grandmothers!”

Thus does Civilization bewail to herself over the work of her hands.

She would have less cause to weep and to scold if, having stolen so much of the ideas of the benighted logicians whom she patronizes with missionaries and catechisms, she had stolen more—even their logic.

The Indian, possessed with the idea that woman was made to be a companion for man, and that to be this companion a knowledge of sweeping floors, sewing buttons and cooking dinners was necessary, would have trained the girl so that at maturity she should have known at least how to boil a pot, if the training had cost all the clubs in all the forests from Maine to Texas.



The Turk, possessed with the idea that woman's destiny was that of wife and mother, would have turned the girl's eyes, at least a part of the time, from the contemplation of the stars to look upon her own body, and to study the laws of her own organization. She would not have been taught, as she practically is by our excessively modest Civilization, that the subject is of such an indelicate nature that when she permits it for an instant to cross her mind it is with the thought that God must have blushed when he made her!

The truth is, Civilization as yet does not know what she does want in the way of woman nature, but whenever she does begin to have a faint glimmer of the truth, it will not be through starting with the proposition that the less includes the greater. And while Civilization bewails to herself over the work of her hands, let her not give way to utter despair, although the day of miracles be past.

Let her have faith that some day the ship shall sail from one of our enlightened ports, freighted with catechisms and missionaries, to some as yet undiscovered country more benighted than the Cannibal Islands, and this ship shall bear back the idea,

stolen from these poor heathen, that woman should be educated as a soul, or, if not that, at least as a woman, with a possibility of being a wife, and a mother, and a companion to man, just as much (and no more) as man is trained as a man with a possibility of being a husband, and a father, and a companion to woman.

But that ship has not yet sailed.

And for this—that now Civilization professes to believe one thing and teaches exactly the reverse, that she professes to have one end in view and employs means that will bring about an exactly opposite result, and then flies into a rage of smashing the pottery she has fashioned—for this, O, Civilization, I bend my knee to thee as the Supreme Donkey of the Universe.



THIRD PAPER.

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THE WHITE HORROR.

---

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!”



## THE WHITE HORROR.

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PROPOS as to the way of civilization with the Girl of the Period I recall a vision of terror. Under the guidance of this astute teacher I had gathered from heaven, and earth, a vast amount of wisdom, and knowledge, and having stood up in a dress of white muslin, with a sky blue waist ribbon, and breast knot, was duly accredited with the possession of the same on a bit of sheepskin that I still fondly cherish, as it serves to inspire me with fresh courage, when sometimes in despondent moments I begin to fear I am a very ignorant woman. By referring to this cherished document, I find that I know a great deal.

Destiny must have her way, and so, of course, marriage followed fast upon this scene of white muslin, blue waist ribbon, and truth-telling sheepskin.

And now behold me, ere the honeymoon has waned to a silver thread, with a half suspicion that I do not know everything; a growing suspicion that my mangled French and Latin will not help me to cook; and, oh! wretched truth: the absolute certainty that a man wants something to eat!

Parenthetically, I wish to say that I think two-thirds of the cook book makers should be hanged without the benefit of clergy. Why should they be more mercifully dealt with than a murderer? A murderer will kill you himself, with a blow or so, but a cook book maker will exasperate you to the sin of self-destruction, and then complacently take on airs as the benefactor of the race!

Having satisfied myself that a man actually requires something to eat, in the natural kindness of my heart I endeavored to supply this want. It is a question the gods may settle among themselves as to how I chanced to select the article of food I did for this purpose; when I attempt to solve it I only lose myself in the wonder that in all these years of learning everything I was never made acquainted with the diabolically expansive powers of rice!

I had read in Latin, also in French, about the am-

bitious frog swelling up to the size of the ox, and the disastrous ending of the experiment, but never a hint was dropped that each innocent, meek-looking grain of rice was possessed of the same insane ambition.

So, I insist, I was not to blame when I allowed four quarts to two persons, for did not the cook book maker say it was good eaten cold with cream and sugar the next day, and if after that any was left over it could be fried for breakfast? Verily.

So the four quarts went into the pot with a corresponding quantity of water. A result was soon apparent. An appearance as though another pot would be needed. It was, and the contents of the first pot divided, and a corresponding quantity of water poured in. A result was apparent much sooner than the first time. An appearance as though another pot would be needed. It was, and also another, and another. But why prolong the story? Suffice it to say I stood with uplifted hands and distended eyes while this White Horror bubbled and hissed and boiled over around me, and then frantically rushed for pans and pots to keep it off the floor, and pumped water to swell its greediness until

my arms ached, and at last, in my agony, I besought it for the love of heaven to stop, which it never did until every pot, and kettle, and pan, and dish, and bowl, and cup, and saucer in the house was filled to overflowing.

Here was a position for a frugal housewife; rice enough and to spare for a whole city full.

I slept not that night. The White Horror had murdered sleep. When for a few moments I seemed to lose consciousness it was only to see a mountain of rice rise up before me in hideous ghastliness, which I vainly endeavored to hide away by eating with a teaspoon, and ever as I scooped a spoonful a sepulchral voice from the depths of the mountain cried,

“Willful waste makes woeful want,  
Willful waste makes woeful want.”

Thus passed the night. But with the morning light an idea dawned into my brain; an idea worthy the brain of the man who complacently looks up to the heavens at night and complacently says of the great worlds shining down on him—the midget—  
“they were all created for me!”

I looked about me and I saw my rice—in fact, if I looked at all I couldn't help but see it—and looking a little further on I beheld the Small Boy, and I cried: "Assuredly nothing was created in vain—not even the Small Boy! How beautiful the arrangement of nature that sets one thing over against another in this world!" And so I was comforted by the theory of a special providence.

There were four Small Boys in the family. So much the better to have four special providences; and Circe did not speak her charms more skillfully about the wandering Ulysses than did I, with fascinating smiles and words, exercise myself upon the four little tow-heads. Ah, the guilelessness of childhood!

How very kind they thought I was to ask all four to take dinner with me. How fast they plied their little spoons, and what a quantity of rice disappeared the first day! How good of me to insist that they should all take dinner with me to-morrow!

Promptly they appeared and showed little astonishment that rice should again furnish forth the banquet, and again the little spoons plied against the bowls a fast and furious music. Still there was rice left over.

Well, the more rice the more Circe, and again the four little tow-heads were bidden to dinner. A slight shade of wonder at the abundance of rice was now discernible, and a little falling off in the furious music of the spoons against the bowls; but still, under a treble allowance of sugar and milk, a goodly portion of the White Horror ceased to materialize.

Again Circe smiled and asked the pleasure of their company to dinner on the morrow. They came, not quite so promptly, and only three of them, and when the White Horror again rose up before them, one of these declared he wasn't hungry! Fabulous quantities of sugar and milk were disposed of that day. Still there was rice.

Again Circe smiled and said: "Boys, come to dinner again to-morrow."

They came, at least one did, who peeped through the half-opened door, and, seeing the fearful apparition, incontinently fled!

By this time, however, Nature had drawn a veil over the ghastliness, and thus intimated that it was time for it to be put away from human interests, and hopes and worries—just as she will do for you and for me when the right time comes.



. FOURTH PAPER.



# Who Cooks. Who Eats.



"All human history attests  
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—  
Since Eve ate apples must depend on dinner."



## WHO COOKS. WHO EATS.

---

**M**Y next door neighbor leaned over our division fence this morning, and told me, with a joyful, enfranchised sort of air :

“I am going to have an easy day ; my husband will not be at home, and I never do any cooking just for myself and the children.”

Having heard the same remark several hundred times in the course of my life, I am about persuaded to believe the kitchen is an institution responsible to man for its existence, just as he is responsible for the existence of war, or tobacco, or whisky, just because it is his nature to create and cleave to such things.

From the course of conduct he has pursued since, I am convinced that even in Eden man spent his time nibbling around, while Eve plucked, and

tended, and delighted herself with the odors of the flowers. Her first recorded, most unhappy bite, from its very foolishness, proves she was unaccustomed to letting her thoughts run much on feeding. And thinking on this subject, I am constrained to differ with the historian when he asserts that "the serpent was more subtle than any of the beasts of the field."

The cunning of the serpent was nothing to that of man when he founded the institution of the kitchen and then placed woman there to tend it for him.

Woman, left to her natural instinct, would satisfy her appetite with a few chocolate caramels and an occasional cup of tea. But when her "lord and master" appears upon the scene, then and there is hurrying to and fro, and fires and faces blaze, and terror, and death, and destruction go forth among the feathered, and furred, and finny tribes.

Hillside and valley are spoiled and bared to give him flesh, and bread, and wine; and all earth and all sea can not fill his insatiable maw.

But all this spoliation of earth and sea is not fitted to his delicate taste in its crude state; it must be sugared, and spiced, and blazed over a fire, to ex-

tract, or concentrate, the precious juices ; and this must be done by woman, and not till there is the master ready to feed—to walk in calmly and coolly and bless you with his smile, or curse you with his frown, according as you have sugared and spiced to his lordship's taste.

I do not suppose there is any condition of body or mind in which a live man couldn't eat. On all occasions it seems to be his first thought.

Is he sad? He meets with an acquaintance, and bewails or curses his fate till he is tired, and then says: "Oh well, everything is going to the d——anyhow. Come, John, let's have some oysters and take a drink."

Does he love? He receives the first blissful kiss from the lips of the beloved about eleven o'clock at night, and they part. She to her room to recall each smile, word and glance; to watch from the window his form disappear in the darkness; to sigh and count the hours that must come and go before he appears again; to pray—she prays this night, if she never prayed before—"Heaven bless my love!" And so to sleep and dreams of him.

He doesn't pray. He hurries to the first lamp-post, lights a cigar, looks at his watch, utters an exclamation at the lateness of the hour, and hastens down street "to meet some of the boys and make a night of it."

This is his way of expressing his joy—just as genuine as hers, perhaps, in spite of his peculiar way of expressing himself.

Is he sick? "Bring me some tea—no, coffee—no, tea—and a bit of steak, and three or four poached eggs, and a few slices of toast, and a bowl of chicken broth. Why didn't you bring coffee? I *did* say so. These eggs are too hard. You know I hate hard eggs. Yes, I'll take a cup of coffee. This tea isn't fit to drink; and another slice of toast, if you think you can make it without getting it as hard as a brickbat. Oh dear! if I just could get a little something to eat I think I might get well!"

Does he celebrate a political triumph or fraternal reunion? Then he gets himself up in a garment of divers colors, and, looking like a monkey, marches through the streets behind a band of music to a hall, where he hurrahs himself hoarse over the speech of another of his kind, while woman flies around in an-

other part of the building getting up an elegant dinner for him after his wearisome march.

No music, no marching, no huzzahing, no speaking for her. However, I have known her to have one seraphic joy on such occasions. She was allowed to sit in a gallery and watch the noble animal feed to slow music !

In all the charges of extravagance made against woman, she is never charged with extravagance in eating. It is man who hides away in his stomach at one dinner food, the price of which would keep a poor family a week, and then, with a bottle of wine beside him, the cost of which would supply this same poor family with coffee and tea for a month, proceeds to write a tirade against woman's flounces, and bonnets, and jewelry—"the extravagance of woman is ruining the country !"

The extravagance of woman, as compared with man's, is good evidence of the superior spirituality of her nature. She will deny her stomach for the sake of getting beautiful things about her home or her person, and her extravagance is, therefore, only a virtue run a little wild.

In our imaginings of heaven it is beauty, not feasting, that draws us there. Just what woman delights in here we picture there—soft, flowing robes, garlands and waving trees and beauty in every form.

We are shocked as we recall the old ideas of heaven with the carousals of the gods, and yet—and yet—looking over the congregations that assemble in the sanctuary, Sunday after Sunday, do not the pretty bonnets outnumber, two to one, the ugly, uncovered heads? And so—I throw this out as a hint to the preachers on the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means—if they desire to increase this masculine element in their congregations, they should picture forth in the heaven of the hereafter tables groaning with the weight of oysters, and turkeys, and cranberry sauce, and so on *ad infinitum*. I think it would “draw” mightily. The only missionary assault I ever made was on a youth of tender years, and was a mortifying failure, because I could not conscientiously promise him fried chicken in Heaven! And I consider him a fair sample of his kind.

After all, if man alone loves to eat, and yet will



not cook, but makes woman do that for him, who can blame him? He has been taught for thousands of years that he is the Crowning Glory of Creation; that when he was made, there was glory over and above what was necessary, and so he spared one ray, out of which a being was made and presented to him as a helpmeet for him; therefore, is he not justified in laying every menial office that he can upon her? A race of donkeys would have learned so much in less time.

I am an evolutionist.

But know this, O lord of all the creatures, that grand, and impressive, and god-like as you may have been in the form of the first Adam, made in the image of his Maker, so that Eve first opened her eyes on a man, as you come into the world now-a-days you are the ugliest of all creatures, an unfledged chimney swallow not excepted, which, in truth, you very much resemble. You are but a flabby, red, wrinkled, squirming little mass, about which only a love a little short of infinity could see any beauty.

And yet, for this squirming ugliness (that is angelic beauty to her) woman will go down to the very

jaws of death ; will cling to it through suffering, and sin, and shame, loving it all the time with a love of which your coarser nature can form no conception.

If you could only think of this sometimes when you are raising an earthquake because the coffee is muddy, or the beefsteak is overdone !

FIFTH PAPER.



GRIP.



"The music breathed by Love alone  
Can ease the world's immortal pain."



# GRIP.

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POET says:

“Love’s too precious to be lost;  
A little grain shall not be spilt.”

And, thinking of Grip, I agree with him.

Grip was only a crow; a little black bunch of feathers that I loved and that loved me. Yesterday he was mine; yesterday he looked at me with his bright black eyes, and told me in his language that he loved me. To-day he is not here, but is he any the less mine to love and to be loved, being here or there, or alive or dead?

Who that has loved a dog or any dumb creature and has been the object of his faithful love, but has confessed in his death or separation the sundering of a tie of the same nature, if not of the same degree, as when a human object of affection has been taken

from him? Who, in such an hour, has not owned in his secret soul that the love, the faithful service, the devotion of their dumb friends were worthier the reward of life everlasting than the cunning, or the treachery, or the hypocrisy that he sees around him in the human form that arrogates to itself an immortality, seemingly simply for the reason that it walks upright on two legs!

I speak neither flippantly nor irreverently, nor to seem to be a setter forth of any strange doctrine of a Pythagorean tendency when I say that when I pass from earth I would rather be met and welcomed by a little procession of dumb creatures—dogs and birds and cats—that I have known and loved in this life than by a company of white-robed angels with whom I have no acquaintance.

I am sure I should feel much more at home could I be so welcomed, and I do not know why it should savor of irreverence to desire such a thing, or how it could detract from the dignity of man to suppose his dumb brothers might share this great boon of immortality that he claims exclusively for himself.

By this seeming extravagance I desire only to exalt Love to his proper pedestal in the world's regard.

We are so accustomed to regard it as such a common gift, to be won, and lost, and tossed lightly hither and thither—a something that we know surrounds us, as we know the atmosphere is about us, but as little cared for. But suppose we should be left without the air for even one hour?

The history of the world, with all that learning, and art, and science, and cultivation could do, would be but a record of selfish antagonisms were it not for the love that first binds men into families, then into neighborhoods and nations.

“God is Love.” The higher the world rolls upward to the light, the more clearly does it apprehend this truth. The old Jehovah of blood and terror, who swept away whole nations in his wrath, is superseded in our minds by a being possessed of justice and wisdom, and not the less of loving tenderness, so that after our earthly types we say not only “Our Father,” but as well “Our Mother.”

Even the man who can not give to this overruling Power a personal existence, as he looks out on Nature he recognizes not alone the sweet, magnetic bond that unites flower, and tree, and bird, and

beast, and man, but in the tornado's blast, the earthquake's shock that engulfs or sweeps a city to destruction, or the tempest that overwhelms a fleet, the plague that scourges a country, he sees one law of good running through all, and good is but an expression of Love; so it is still Love that rules the world. Whatever else we may doubt of all that life may teach, of all that death may bring, to nerve the heart of the living, to console the soul of the dying, we can not afford to doubt this:

"It is Love that rules the world."

Is it not true that Love is the only gift of any value as an offset to the Pandora box of ills that is presented to every man in his life?

You may not confess this now, in the full strength of your manhood, with ambition to urge and fame to beacon onward. Now, you can afford to call Love a trifling incident in your life, an influence that if you yield to you confess to yourself, with a sort of shamefacedness, as yielding to a weakness. This may do now, but there was one hour of your life when in all the world there was nothing to you so



precious as Love; when, if you had had all the world, it would have been nothing to you without Love. That was the hour of your birth. And just so surely shall there be another hour when, though the halo of a world-wide fame should shed its radiance about your bed, which wealth has made soft with silken coverings for you to die upon, in this, the last hour of earth, there will be to you darkness in the halo, this luxury will be no more than the most abject poverty if Love be not there, and you would willingly exchange it all for the humblest love that should tend you with gentle hands, close your eyes softly in their last sleep, and weep over you because they might never open more.

Is this sentimentalism? Sentiments fit to be whispered only in the moonlight strollings of young and very verdant lovers? I think not. If Love was a gossamer robe, whose beautiful, silvery sheen was doomed to be tarnished and destroyed before the honeymoon had waned, it might be so; but Love is made of sterner stuff. It is an every-day wash fabric, whose colors may grow dimmer, it is true, and yet the fabric hold; it may be rent, and yet it may

be patched; yea, patch after patch put on, and still it shall be fit for faithful service.

Do you doubt this, you who have known most of the change and the seeming death of Love? If you search the sky and can not see the sun because of clouds that intervene, shall you think to say there is no sun, O doubter?

If you love, think not to escape the just debt incurred. You shall pay the penalty of loving, through change, and growth, and death. What then? But you shall have treasure laid up, even on earth, in blessed memories, "bitter and good," purifying and broadening the current of your being, and you shall own at last that Love can know no death that means destruction.

What we usually dignify by the name of "Love" is a feeling that comes to us in the spring-time of life. It is beautiful as the down on a butterfly's wing, and may perish as easily at the first rude touch of care. It is glowing and bright as the colors of the rainbow that spans the summer sky, and yet it may fade and leave as little trace of its existence. It is not of this Love I write.

As the struggling light of the dawn to the flood of

sunshine poured from the noonday sun, is this feeling of youth, so evanescent and beautiful, to the tide of emotion roused in the soul of the maturer man or woman through love of husband, or wife, or friend, or child.

This Love not care can daunt, nor poverty chill, nor sin shame, nor death destroy; for if it be that souls do live beyond this life, it can only be that death shall fling wide the door for Love to enter upon fuller fruition there. This is the hope of earth, our dream of heaven.

And yet there are dignified "galoots" (I thank thee, Ingersoll, for that word) who go in and out of their homes, day after day, and would feel ashamed should they stop to bestow an affectionate word or caress upon wife or children.

Not long since a man said to me, "a woman is just like a cat; she wants to be petted and smoothed down all the time." That may be, but there is more to it. The more manly a man is, the more nearly he also approaches the cat type.

It is your "dignified galoot" who permits the nauseating "my dear" of the parlor. The manly

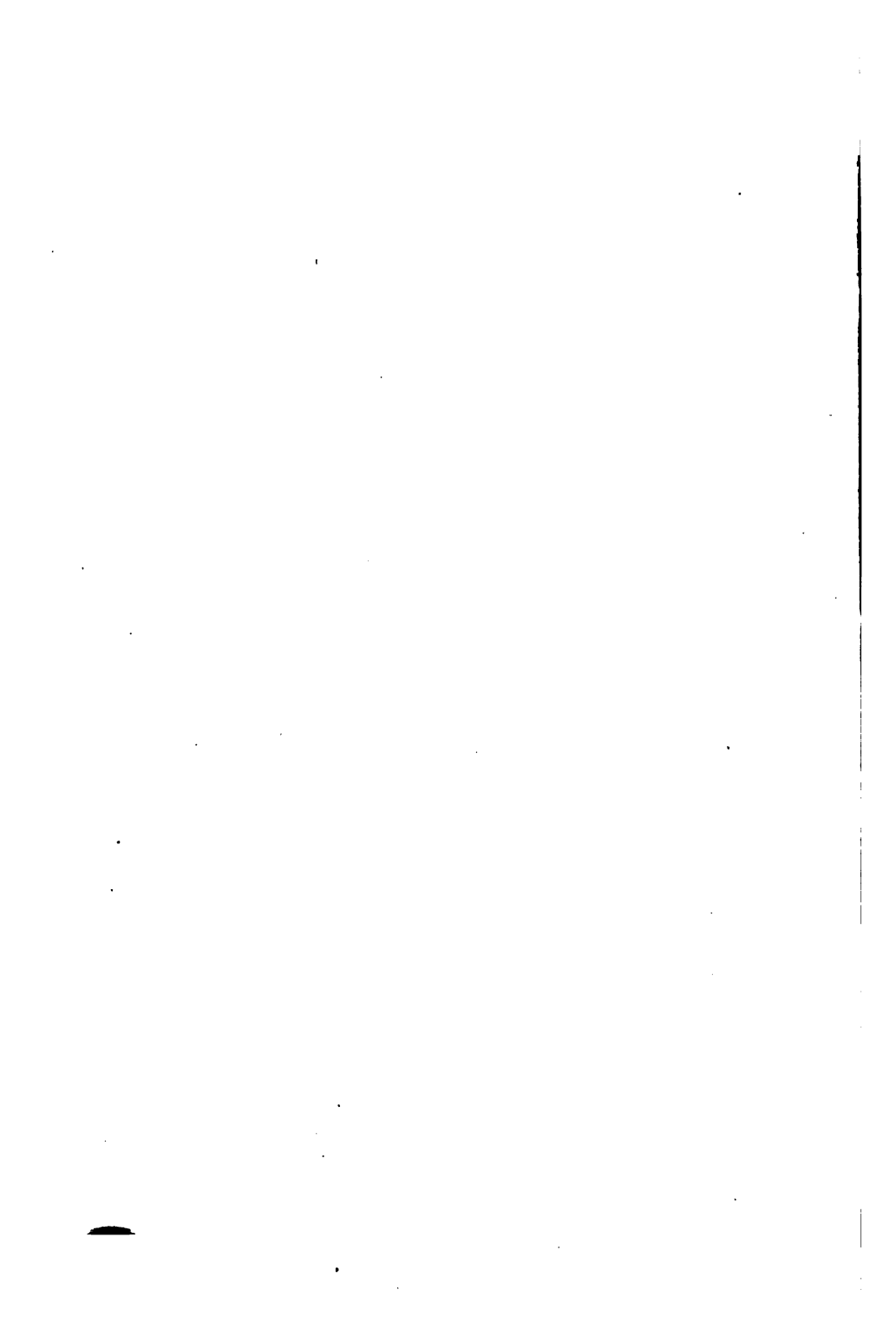
man resents this, as he very properly should, but in the right place and by the right woman, the right place being the privacy of his sitting-room or chamber, and the right woman being, of course, his wife. You—supposing you are the right woman—may not only venture upon “baby talk” with perfect impunity, but with the absolute certainty that when you call him a “tweet itty sing,” he will smile a well-pleased smile and believe every word of it! I believe this may be given as a rule for all, monk or preacher included, with no exception save the afore-said “dignified galoot,” and who wants to pet him, anyhow?

The religion that is put on only as a seventh-day garment may gain its wearer great admiration, for, being worn so rarely, it seems always new, and imparts an air of what might be called pious jauntiness; but after all, is not that religion best, though not so spruce-looking, that is of so tough a fiber that it will not only sustain Sunday's raptures, but the mud, and wear, and tear of Monday and of all other days?

And just so should Love, if it would be worthy of the name, be all-pervading and influencing, and un-

less it does so pervade and influence the home from parlor to kitchen, whatever else may be there of intellect, or wisdom, or culture, the home is a failure. To build on any other foundation is indeed to build on the sand.

O Grip! Grip!



SIXTH PAPER.

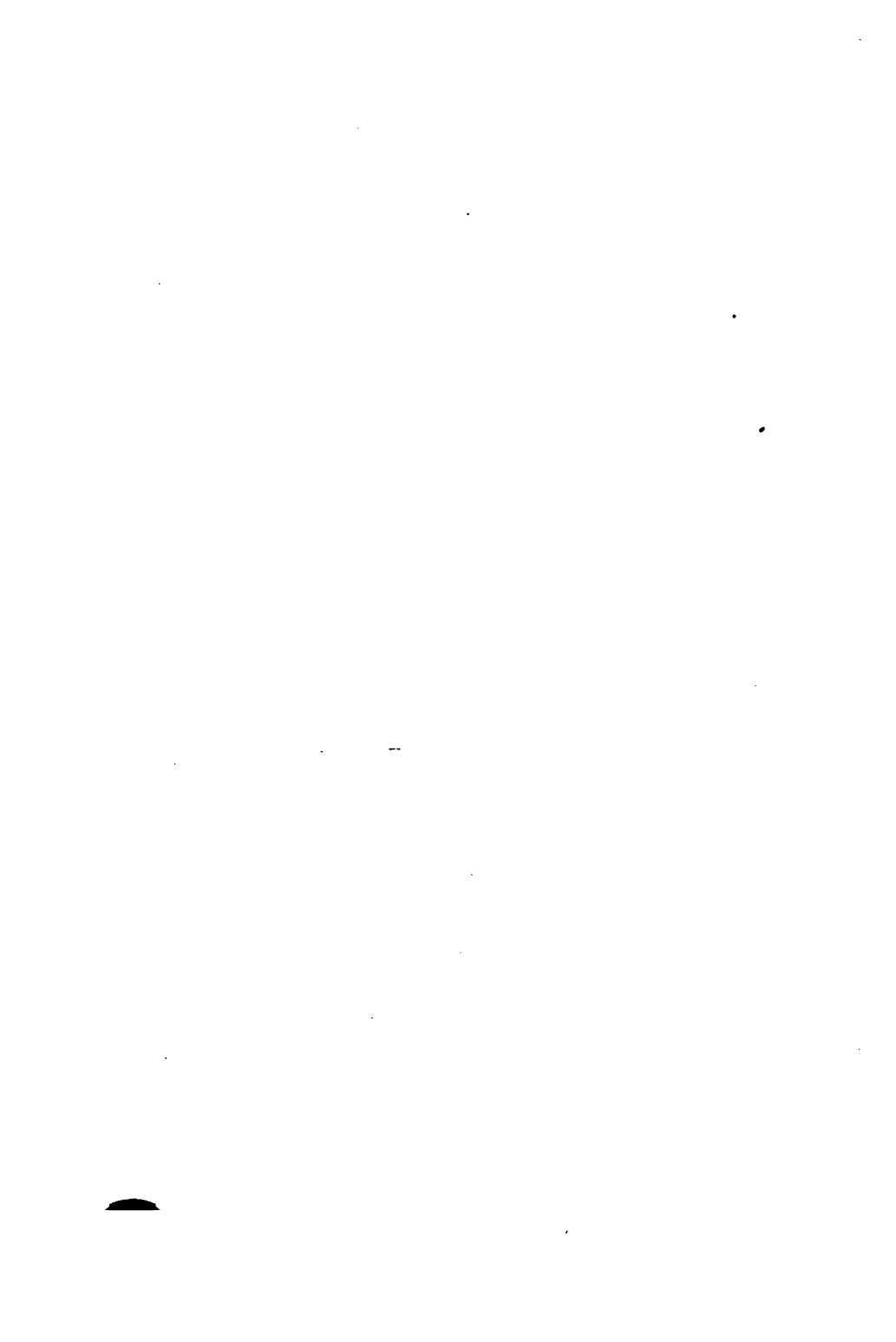


TIGER LILIES.



“O, woman! lovely woman, nature made thee  
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;  
Angels are painted fair to look like you;  
There's in you all that we believe of heaven—  
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,  
Eternal joy and everlasting love.”

“What mighty ills have not been done by woman?  
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!”





## TIGER LILIES.

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**I** BROKE off a cluster of Tiger Lilies, this morning, and put them in a glass of water on the kitchen table, where they seemed very much out of place, looking at me with a regal sort of scorn while I washed the breakfast dishes.


Tiger Lilies are my favorites and my aversion among flowers. They both strongly attract and repel me. They draw me through the superabundant vitality expressed by their size and gorgeous coloring; such an influence flows from their life to mine that I seem to grow stronger as I look upon them; but, as I draw near and nearer, I am repelled, for they are soulless, scentless. All this fiery glow, this vivid warmth of coloring is but passion and not soul, and I only succeed in getting my face smirched from

the dusty banners that should have warned me from the search. What an incongruity between the flaming splendor of this queenly flower and the shabby kitchen, with its iron pots, tin pans, and coarse pottery, suggestive only of use and hard labor!

Through the contrast the kitchen seems to grow even shabbier, while the flowers seem to deepen in hue as in angry shame at their situation.

But place this same cluster of flowers in the parlor where the softened light streams through curtains of gracefully flowing lace to fall upon delicately tinted walls, and soft and bright-hued carpets, upon books, pictures, statuary; let there be sweet music and laughter, and careless talk, and here, as a part of this luxury and beauty, the flowers glow, with an added splendor reflected from their surroundings, with all that might have been called coarseness in form or color toned down, for this is the fitting home of the Tiger Lily.

A Cleopatra among flowers is the Tiger Lily, and, considering the Anthonies that are drawn to her soulless beauty, it would be sad to know the smirching there must be before the chase of these mad An-



thonies ends in possession did not observation show they were so badly smirched before the chase began that a little extra stain could make but small difference. Yet Cleopatra will always bear the palm for admiration in this world, and we are all mad Anthonies to run after her with our praises and our envy.

It is true that from our pulpits we hear extolled virtues quite the opposite of those that Cleopatra cultivates, and that we fill our papers with phillipics against her extravagance, her worldliness, her contempt for the duties of wife and motherhood, and yet Cleopatra passes us on the street with graceful, stately step, and we turn to gaze with admiring envy upon the trailing robes of silk or velvet that sweep about her steps with careless abandon. At the party or the ball—for there she holds most undisputed sway—we press about her with the crowd, sunning ourselves, if not in the light of her eyes, at least in the glory of the dazzling jewels that are hung about her person.

We go to church and lift one eye to heaven in pious devotion and with the other we admire or envy, according to our sex, the lovely Cleopatra who

sits near, her own eyes bent in prayer (for Cleopatra can be saintly, too), and tenderly touched by a handkerchief whose lace is of fabulous price.

We gaze on the faces of our own Madonnas wearing that rapt look that it would seem should draw us nearer to the spirit life, but we only sigh and turn to clasp Cleopatra, and we call that heaven in our rapture; but what would the angels think to see us kiss the sometimes painted lips of Cleopatra!

She marries, sometimes does Cleopatra, at least there are wedding bells and a splendid feast which no Banquo disquiets, and gifts that a princess might covet, and a bride dazzling in her beauty and in her dress; and, incidental to the scene, a groom whom we congratulate that he has crowned his life with this gorgeous diadem; and yet there have been kings who wore crowns, and while the multitude gazed with dazzled and envying eyes upon the jewels, they were festering in the flesh of the poor wretch who bore them!

Cleopatra has children—sometimes. Well, well, God help them! God help all children who have no mother! Or husband, or children, it is all one to Cleopatra, so that she has her horses and carriage,

her jewels, her silks and her laces. She dances along on flowery ways, adulation and envy ever close beside her, she caring little for either, so long as she has the gold that may buy the one and arouse the other. And when the life of selfish ease, and indolence, and luxury draws to a close, and Cleopatra has found the Grim Messenger proof against her blandishments, believe it, there will not be wanting some sentimental priest to gloss this wretched life with pretty lies, because he feels that Cleopatra, richly dressed, will make a dashing angel!

In spite of pulpit talk and phillipics, who would not, in some measure, be Cleopatra if she could, for it is undeniable that she does have such a good time in this world! For do not the envy and longing following such a life that is all of the "earth, earthy," give the lie to our professed belief in a heaven to be won through self-sacrifice, and charity, and spirituality?

Is it very strange that the humble virtues of thrift, and economy, and useful work should find a secondary place in the heart of woman, when she sees the admiration given by the world to their very opposites?

When she sees that modest worth and intelligence, if poorly dressed, must sit as a wall-flower at the social party, do you wonder that she longs for a silk dress, and to frizz her hair, and to cry out, "Change partners!"

When at the church she sees the faded alpaca placed in a shaded corner—not the amen corner—while the rustling silk praises God from a front seat, do you wonder, though the preacher expatiate never so eloquently on that "good time coming when she may be clothed even as the angels are," that she would exchange that far-away, vague expectation for the absolute certainty of a handsome dress, with all that pertains to it and follows it? For not "the world, the flesh, and the devil" can so teach us to doubt the existence, the justice and the goodness of God as we may be taught to doubt them in his house and by his accredited worshipers!

And when the life that we admire and covet, of luxurious ease, is set over against suffering from cold and hunger, is there much cause for wonder the way the balance turns with those whom we call "lost," and in calling so blaspheme our God? For such lives, not alone are they responsible; but you, Cleo-

patra, shall answer somewhat for them ; you, and I, and all women, and all men who so set body above soul, who for six days of the week adore glitter, and show, and false beauty, even though for an hour or so on the seventh we lengthen our faces to indulge in pious cant as to the value of the immortal soul and the joys of a spiritual existence hereafter.


Can we not find a substitute for Cleopatra ? Suppose, instead of this cluster of vivid flame, shaming the homeliness of my kitchen, I place a few sprays of the modest Lily of the Valley in the broken tumbler, the wee, white bells half hidden by the green, sheath-like leaves. They do not seem at all out of place. They do not force themselves upon your notice and then shame you, and yet not the less do you feel their presence in their exquisite odor, the breathing of their soul as you pass near them.

Take them to the parlor, and still will this sweetness make itself felt, though perhaps so shaded by the Tiger Lily as to make them unseen without close search. For parlor or for kitchen is the Lily of the Valley, brightening the one with a gentle, unobtrusive beauty, bringing to the other an atmosphere of

purity and sweetness that the Tiger Lily, dowered with all its queenly beauty, fails to do.

And yet the soul does not find perfect satisfaction in the Lily of the Valley. You have to get so near to feel the sweetness, and even then it is so faint as to suggest weakness. We tire of what has not strength enough of itself to hold us, and so, disappointed here, we turn again to the Tiger Lily. We turn in weariness from the modest, self-sacrificing, oftentimes stupid, housewife type of woman to fall into the arms of Cleopatra.

When we really believe (which we do not now, despite our Sunday muttering of creeds) that soul is of infinite more worth than body, then we shall falter somewhat in our admiration of the soulless, and we shall create and find fuller satisfaction in another type of woman that may be symbolized by that imprisoned soul, the Tuberose, from which you may tear petal after petal, you may keep till it shrivel under the touch of decay, and still, through all changes, even that of seeming death itself, it will exhale a spirit as sweet and as intense as earth's most passionate love, as pure as the affection of the purest angels.





Child of Time! Heir of the Eternities! Beautifying earth alike in humblest or highest places through the graces of soul, and bearing through the gates of death such a spirit as shall be worthy of life everlasting!

When we thus show that we are absolutely sure of what we claim to be our heritage, then shall we find all women hungering for this higher type of woman, and then shall Cleopatra have had her day.



SEVENTH PAPER.



# THE MEANNESS OF THINGS.



“From seeming evil still educing good.”



## THE MEANNESS OF THINGS.


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CONFESS to a great deal of secret sympathy with little boys when a stone jumps up against their poor, naked, dirty little toes, and they pounce on that stone and sling it as far as ever they can, and say dreadful things about it, for I, myself, know all about the meanness of Inanimate Things. Never tell me they don't know what they are about! Only the other evening I went to get a shawl out of a bureau drawer—of course there was a woman in the case, who had stood before this same bureau for the previous two hours, and now sat serenely in a buggy calling to me, "Hurry, hurry." I was hurrying, I was also taking a sly glance in the glass I had not a chance to get near before, at the same time with one hand giving a gentle pull to the bureau drawer that I had known for eight years, and that had never

failed to respond to my gentlest touch. But now was its hour. To my surprise it did not come open. I looked to see if it could be locked. Then I pulled one side, then the other, all the time this woman calling, "Hurry, hurry;" then I pulled both sides together and spoke softly to myself; then I gave a terrific pull, one, two, three, four of them; then, having worn out the last shred of patience, I collected my strength for a final encounter, and the drawer came, and I came, too, four feet back against a washstand; and a water pitcher, and a bowl, and a soap dish came too, down on top of me; and a cologne bottle, and pin cushion, and brush, and comb, and powder box mixed themselves up in the now innocent-looking, wide-opened drawer, and whether I said what the little boys say, there was nobody in the room and you can't prove it, only there's a queer sort of tattooing in the center of that drawer that looks very like it had been made by the heel of a slipper, and I *do* know how mean Things can act.

I have read sometime, and somewhere, an argument about something, I don't know just what, which the moralist begins by saying that when a savage is struck accidentally by a stick, he seizes the



stick, and, in his rage, breaks and tramples on it; but the civilized man, meeting with the same accident, through the superior cultivation of his reasoning powers, gives expression to no such feeling. I suspect, however, the chief difference between the savage and the civilized man is that the latter first looks around to see if anybody is about before he commits himself, while the savage doesn't take time to look.

Do you remember the time your scissors absented themselves? (I do, several times.) They were the only pair that was sharp, and you were in a great hurry to do some cutting, and you went to just where you had laid those scissors, you will take your oath on it several mountains high, in the bottom of your work basket, but they were not there.

"Have you seen my scissors?" No, nobody has seen them. Nobody has been near the work basket, not even the cat; and, supposing the cat had been near it, are cats in the habit of taking scissors in their mouths and hiding them under the cover of a table with a pile of books and papers and unmended socks heaped on them? Generally speaking, no. There you found them, however, after you had upset

everything in the house, and torn your patience and temper to tatters in the search after them. And now, while you were in this ragged mental and moral state, as they revealed themselves to you with most exasperating meekness, did you apostrophize them after the way of the civilized man over his ruined manuscript, "O, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" or, did your civilization "slip from you like a robe, to leave you purely—" savage, and did you grasp those scissors with a clutch that, had they been flesh and blood, would have squeezed the miserable, sneaking little life out of them?

The "unkindest cut of all" in Nature was in thus creating Things with the power of cutting up as they do. It was enough, and more than enough, to keep the world in a healthy ferment that the faculty should have been conferred upon folks. But Things are far more trying than folks. If your friend grievously offends you, you can sweep by on the other side with an air of lofty scorn (*a la* novel heroine) and imagine the pucker into which you have drawn your countenance is becoming to your style of beauty, and thereby shall you be comforted.



If your boy, smarting under a reprimand, goes out the front door with such a bang that all the loose material in the house rattles, and your nerves jump as though a battery had been applied to them, you can call him back and give him such a spanking as shall keep you hotly in his memory for the day, and so shall you find an anodyne for your nerves.

If you have "words" with your husband, you can show him the beauty of a forgiving spirit, by putting on a limp sun-bonnet, going around with the air of a resigned martyr, and giving vent to most doleful sighs whenever he comes about; so shall you soonest bring him to terms, and also, through such meekness and patience under injury, add to your stock of Christian virtues.

But think not with hope of triumph to deal in any such manner with Things. No "bowels of compassion" have they; tears, wrath and prayers are equally wasted upon them. And yet how much of the misery of human life is directly chargeable to them? And then they ape humanity by sneaking out of all responsibility in the matter.

O, the days when "Things all go wrong," and the

fretfulness, and the anger, and the ugly words, and the remorse thereby engendered are all charged to the account of the poor human!

Am I to be arraigned for evil words, and wrath, and impatience? Then will I say, come and stand beside me, you Things of torment, and I will appeal to my guardian angel, who has more than once, I fear, torn her ambrosial locks, and, with howlings, fled the scene of my impotent ravings. Bear me witness that I was tried beyond what I was able to bear. There *were* sorrows and ills of life that I bore with philosophical fortitude. There was the sickness of my neighbor; the poverty of that wretched family in our alley; the scandal about the pretty little woman in our next square—all these did I not bear with the fortitude of a stoic; yea, with the resignation of a Christian; yea, with the serenity of a saint? It was only under the continued insults and meanness of Things that my patience broke down and I gave way to wrath. The chairs that scratched themselves; the window glass that put finger marks all over itself; the cups that broke their own handles; the plates that chipped great slices out of their sides;

the buttons that tore themselves loose from their fastenings; the thimble and the needle case that hopped out of the work basket; Oh! and a thousand other such uglinesses in the conduct of Things. Do you wonder that I not occasionally fell? Was it not enough to "provoke a saint?" I have noticed this ugliness in the disposition of Things to manifest itself at the most inopportune times, much like your baby, so good and so cunning in the home circle, when you attempt to show off his little tricks before strangers invariably gets you in disgrace.

And in no department will this mean disposition of Things to take advantage of you be more clearly shown than in the kitchen, and on occasions when you would expect them to show you the most kindness and consideration.

Suppose you are to have "company to tea," and in consequence want things a bit nicer than usual; then, instead of being fired with your laudable ambition, then does the whole kitchen seem to enter into a conspiracy against you!

"Company to tea," of course, means an imperative need of getting up that delicious jumble of

grease, sugar, eggs and flour that, when baked, is called a cake. There is your opportunity for displaying your skill in housewifery; by this test shall it be known whether you can cook or not. How frequently it is "not," oh, mortified and outraged sisters, bear witness with me!

Not because you can not make a cake—not at all. How often have you gone to the kitchen, and in a few moments carelessly beat up a sweetened batter that, without any trouble at all, came out of the stove "just the nicest cake you ever saw"—like as your real genius may dash you off, with a few swift strokes of the pen, a brilliant poem almost without thought.

But your dashing genius is apt to fall flat sometimes, and his luck is as like as not to be yours, if you take this same carelessly lucky recipe and with extra care and labor get up a cake for company.

For some reason (who knows the inmost "why" of anything?) you have evoked all that is demoniacal in the kitchen. The sugar in your cake may not exactly turn to salt, and the eggs to lead, and the flour to sawdust, and the very baking powder upset sci-

ence by squatting down instead of puffing up, but so far as the result in the appearance of your cake is concerned, such a metamorphosis seems perfectly natural, as you gaze on the hideous mess you have called into existence. Often and often has not such a thing happened to you, oh, stricken housekeeper, when there could be no reason for it but just the natural depravity of Things?

What housekeeper has not had occasion to mourn the temporary aberration of her stove when company was to tea, and soda or baking-powder biscuit was contemplated? For the successful achievement of this toothsome and unwholesome sort of bread a quick heat is absolutely indispensable. Your stove is an old, reliable friend, and, like an old, reliable friend of the human sort, its warmth is always the same, and always just right. But to your surprise and indignation, on this occasion it will not heat at all! You put in wood and you put in wood, and you poke and you punch at the front and at the side, and you execute what (did you hold a tomahawk, rather than a stick in your hand) might be called a war dance about that stove, and you open the oven door one thousand and one times to test the heat,

and at last in desperation, hoping it will all come right somehow (a very human mode of reasoning that plays the mischief with us in other things than biscuit) you put your biscuit in the temperately heated oven. Then behold! does that stove instantaneously fire up and accomplish a feat little short of miraculous—the bottom of those biscuit comes forth as black as Erebus herself, while the upper crust is sun-baked, as it were, to a sad yellow, and looks as though they had undergone a six months' siege of Western "fever 'nager." Is not such a malignant marvel written in the chronicles of all housekeepers?

By the way, what have we done after all in getting up the elaborate dishes we think necessary to offer up on the altar of friendship? . Alas! often far more than our conscience would like to be responsible for, could we only realize it.

You would not think of putting the bottle to your friend's lips, because, for once, fashion and principle have locked hands and keep step; but you will deliberately, and in the most cordial way, press your friend to partake of "black cake," a very treasury of richness, sweetness and deliciousness! You will do this, and know that Dyspepsia is abroad in the land,

playing with its victims as a cat plays with a mouse, worrying out the lives of the wretches it is too unmerciful to kill; and know, also, that between the soul of the dyspeptic (his stomach is his soul) and the richest goodies there is a love far surpassing the loves of Jonathan and David. I know this. I love black cake. I have eaten it at your tables, O my friends, knowing what had been, and what would be again: that I should quarrel with my best friend; that in the silent watches of the night I should shake my fist at fate and affirm that life was a delusion, the whole world a lie, and there was no here-after!

Musing on this way Things have of always seeming to do their meanest when you are trying to make the best possible display of yourself (before company), and following my Sunday School training, not to run away from the moral, I sometimes wonder if they are not trying to teach us we should have no company manners, no company dinners; that real hospitality consists in welcoming our friends to our homes and our tables just as they are, or at least in not thinking it necessary to use up all our vitality

in getting up dainties for the palate, over which there presides, not an intelligent woman, but a stupid, tired-out servant.



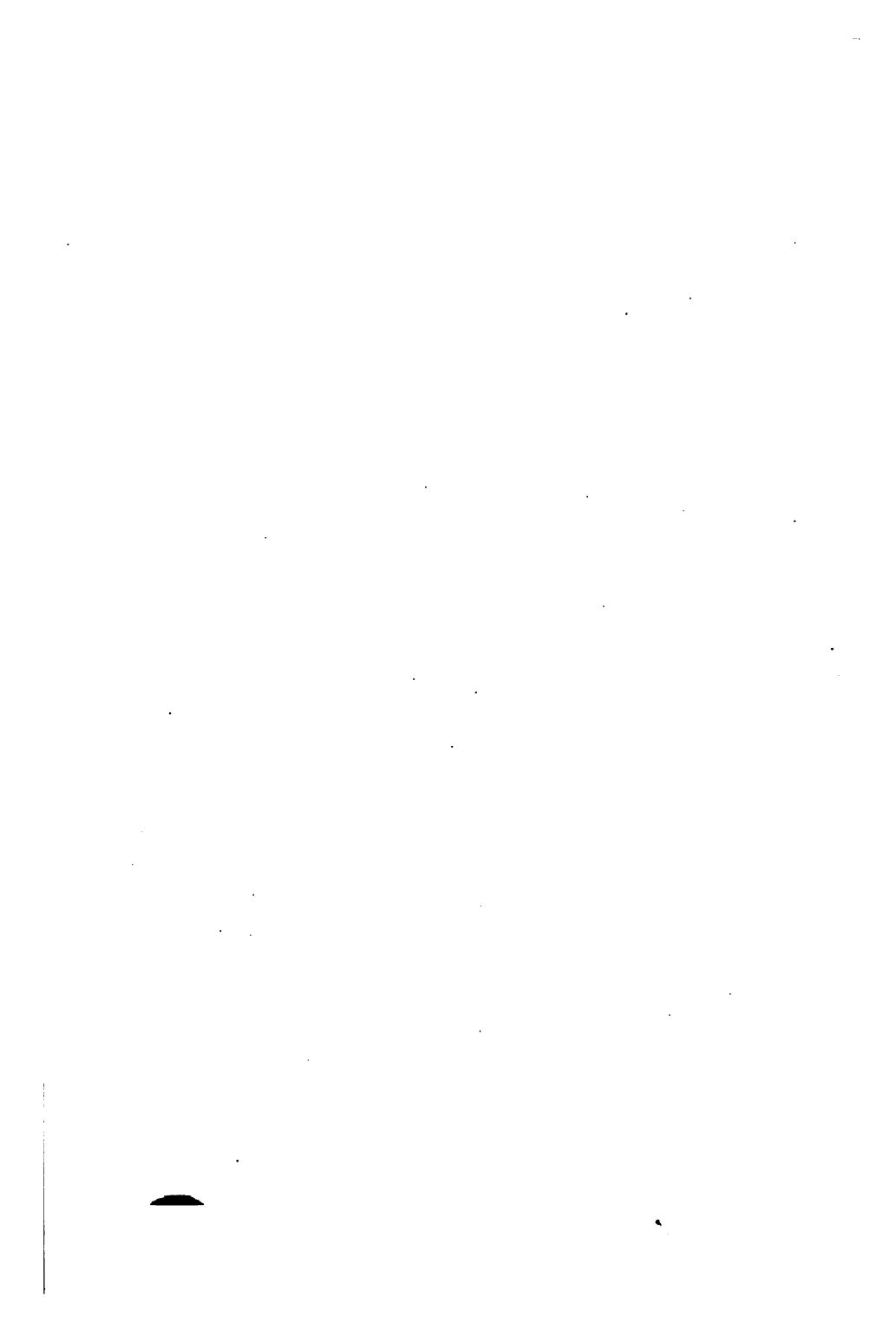
EIGHTH PAPER.



Making Bread and Making Poetry.




“Jack of all trades.”



## Making Bread and Making Poetry.

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LL our babies, before their birth, are old maids' babies; not a bit like Mrs. Brown's or Mrs. Smith's, our neighbors' babies.

Good enough babies, these, though not particularly smart or pretty; but what a miserable way they have of crying at all hours, of sleeping only in cat naps, and what a marvelous faculty for secreting dirt about their persons!

Now, our baby shall be systematically brought up; so many hours' sleep, fed at such regular intervals, a short time, a very short time, allowed for crying—just sufficient to properly expand the lungs—and always perfectly clean and sweet; a smiling, dimpled, white-robed little angel, modeled on the plan of the wise Dr. ———. You can fill the blank with the name of almost any doctor of your or my ac-

quaintance; they can all plan out splendidly for a putty baby.

But when the baby comes, it is generally not a putty baby, and comes into the world in a most determined state of rebellion against the laws laid down by the wise Dr. ———.

You may persevere for a time in trying to bring the young rebel into subjection, and during this time of strife you may become so wrought up against your own flesh and blood—yea, even against this all-the-time-angel that was to be—that you have grave suspicions that one of the swine running down the cliff missed his attendant spirit, who was reserved unto this time; but in the end you are generally glad to make “anything-for-peace” terms with your young rebel, and confess that though the wise Dr. ———’s rules read well, and may do for some babies, they will not do for yours.

What a pity it is that so many beautiful theories result in this way as to practice! What a nice world it would be to live in could its work be carried on theoretically! A thing seems so simple and so beautiful on paper that would stagger a Hercules, should he attempt to grapple it and make it serve

some hum-drum use. And then it takes us so long to find this out!

We go clear up the hill, with failure and disappointment marking almost every step, yet still believing, still hoping, that this thing or that will be according to our expectations, and not until we have reached the very top of life's hill and turned our faces to the descent do we begin to suspect that the only way to get along half comfortably is just to do about the best we can, and to expect very little, if anything, from our dreaming, and thereby do we gain a little peace.

As there is no gain without loss, however, we gain our peace through the gradual oozing out of our enthusiasm. If only enthusiasm and experience could join hands, what a splendid thing it would seem to be! And yet I suppose Nature knows her own business, and this January and May arrangement of things, could it be made, might, after all, be no more satisfactory than when we see it carried out at our hymenial altars. Theoretically, it is just the easiest thing for a woman to be servant and lady at the same time. Judging from the fine writing on the

subject this style of mongrel seems to be the ideal woman; and, as to shame us poor drudges who cleave to the kitchen stoves, or us poor butterflies who flutter out in the sunshine, leaving chaos behind us, we are referred to noble specimens of our kind, who wash their own dishes, sweep their own floors, mend socks, cook dinners, and yet, with smooth hair and neat dress, and smiling face, are always ready to receive their friends in the parlor, where they are perfectly at home discussing the contents of the last new magazine or book.

We hear of this sort of woman frequently—on paper. We are even told that she can make poetry, or plot out romances, while she makes bread! And the inference is, that it is a woman's own fault if, with all the duties thought to be specially appropriate to her sex resting upon her, she does not yet find time and inclination to keep abreast with the world in its broader thoughts and interests, or at least not to lag so painfully far behind as the majority of us do when so situated.

It may be extreme fastidiousness to assert that we lower our standard, both of bread and rhyme, to insist that the two operations can be successfully car-

ried on at the same time; and yet, though I can easily fancy a woman with her hands in the dough and her head on Parnassus may well hear a buzzing in her brains (like poor Mrs. Wragg), but whether it is ideas or flies, I should hardly consider her a safe judge, and I think the chances are so much in favor of the flies that, while I should not yearn to read such rhyming at any time, I am perfectly sure no power on earth could induce me to eat the bread if made in fly time.

Practically speaking, it is a very wearying, if not an impossible thing, for a woman to be servant and lady at the same time. Of course, I speak only of the duties pertaining to these positions. Far be it from me to give myself and other good house-keepers such a slap as to say that we do not carry the same sweet disposition, the spirit that would make us ladies anywhere, with us to the kitchen when we put on our cook's aprons and poke up the fire preparatory to a conflict with greasy iron pots.

But set a hen over three or four dozen eggs and see how many she hatches. The more conscientious the hen, and the more religiously she tries to do her duty by each egg, the more danger there is that she

will smash half of them, if she doesn't unjoint herself, in her frantic efforts to do all that is expected of her.

This is precisely the position of the average woman of our day. The exceptional woman is she who elects to do one thing well, and verily she shall not fail of her reward, inasmuch as she has wandered from the traditional "sphere." The ostrich, whose housekeeping and maternal duties are given over to the care of the sun and the sand, shall be held up as a model housekeeper and mother compared to her, if in training herself to do this one thing well, she shall neglect to herself wash her children's faces, to herself cook the dinners, and sweep the floors, and make the clothing for the family.

It amounts to a tacit admission of the almost infinite superiority of woman, or else we take for granted there is a suspension of the laws of nature amounting to a miracle in her case, when we expect her to be mistress of near a half-dozen trades.

We are very well satisfied when we take a specimen of the other sex, and, after years of careful training, we produce a master of one trade; and all this time of training we impress upon him that con-



centration is the great secret of success, and that to scatter force is to destroy it; and, if we have apprenticed him to a blacksmith, and the years bring him a brawny muscle that serves him well in his trade, we do not rush through the sparks that fly from his anvil and thrust a violin in his hand and bid him play, and when he says he can not, call him an idiot! Not at all. We are satisfied if, to the music of his anvil, he marches to the career of an honest, successful workman at his one trade. But woman is supposed to take up, almost by intuition, and to carry on at the same time near half a dozen trades, and the cultivation of any special taste is but an additional burden to an already overtasked worker; and, as Nature will not alter her laws, this diffusion of force in so many directions produces the natural result: perfection or approximation to it in any one thing is rarely witnessed. Under such circumstances it seems just a little mean, from the imperfectly performed miracle, to argue the inferiority of woman, and for men to stand off and sneeringly ask her, "Where is your Shakespeare?"

In this world where sanctification is not professed

(or possessed) by any overwhelming majority of the human atoms that struggle with each other for whatever good life and earth may give, imposition seems to very naturally beget either sullen obedience or stubborn resistance.

I suppose among the Israelites in the days of bondage in Egypt there were many who worked willingly, if not cheerfully, until their hard taskmasters exceeded oppression by commanding them to make bricks without straw, and then began the sullenness and the shirkings, and then, too, let it be remembered, was born the thought of liberty.

In the case of the afore-mentioned old hen, could any one blame her very severely if, knowing how she was imposed upon, and feeling an utter inability to do all that was required of her, she sat in a sullen desperation, indifferent as to whether even one chick ever peeped or not? Or, knowing there could never be any adequate result from her labor, and waiting, and close staying by her duties, she should giddily run out into the sunshine and leave her eggs and their expectations to take care of themselves?

Instead of visiting our displeasure upon the old hen, and from her conduct under such circumstances drawing all sorts of damaging and false conclusions, would it not be more sensible and just to put the responsibility where it belongs, even if it should lead us to believe there might be some mistake in some venerated custom of social ethics applied to hens—or woman? .



NINTH PAPER.

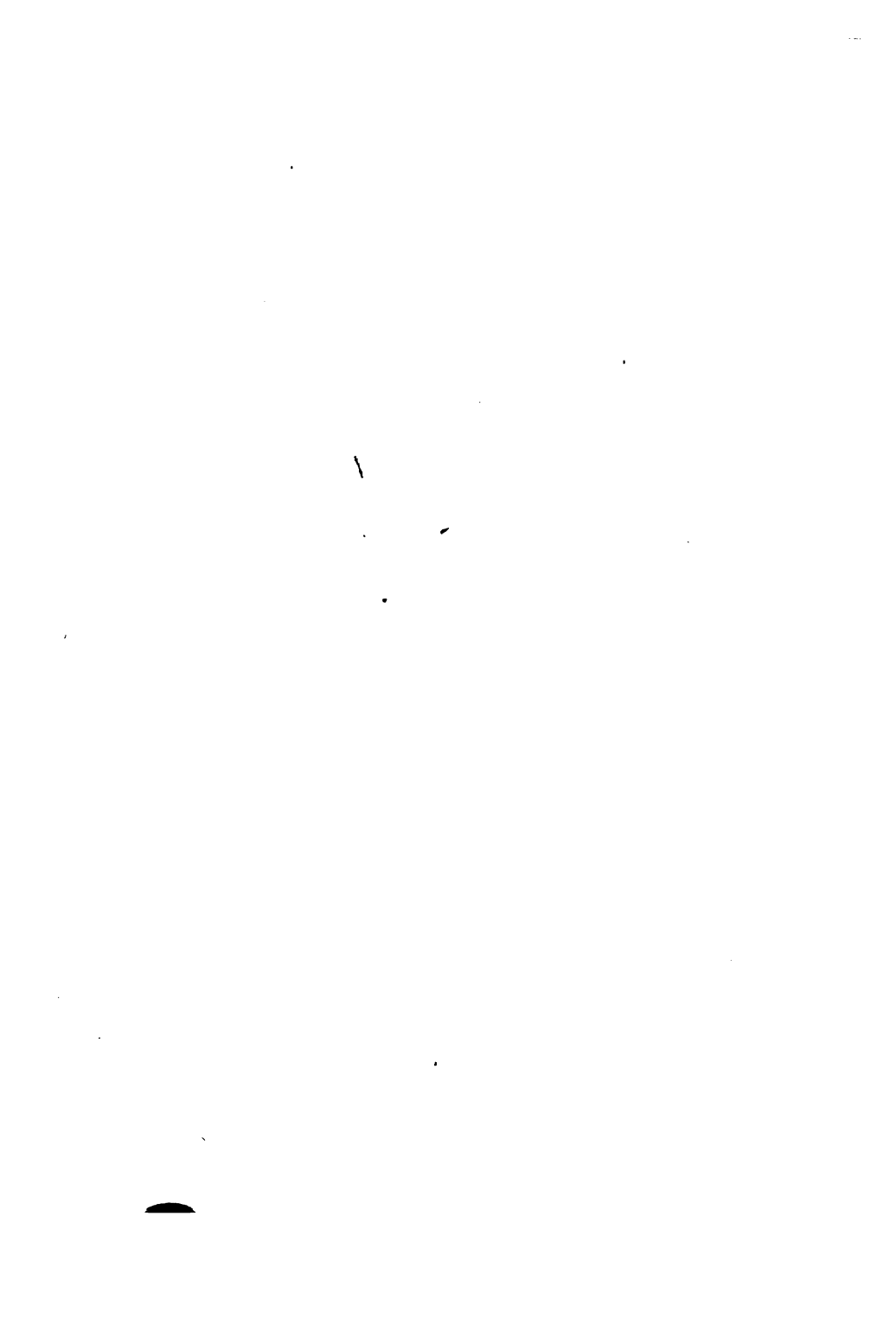


SWEET AND SOUR.



“Pleasures, or wrong, or rightly understood,  
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.”

“The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.”



## SWEET AND SOUR.

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**T**HERE is one hour of triumph for the provident housewife. One hour when, like the mother of the Gracchii, she may stand with dilated form and cry,

“Behold my jewels!”

her uplifted right forefinger pointing, not to the urchins on the kitchen floor squabbling over their toys, but farther on to the pantry shelves, where are placed the jars and glasses in which she has stored her jellies, preserves and pickles.

And indeed I think the comparison is not inapt, for many of them show, through the glassy walls of their prison, a beauty of coloring that might put to shame many a precious stone.

What jewel ever glowed with the fiery intensity of

crimson that is found in a glass of currant jelly? The ruby or the garnet but makes a feeble approach to it, and how weak and faded is the coloring of the valued emerald when compared with the richer tint of a well-greened cucumber pickle!

All the colors found in jewels may be found here as well, shading up, through tints golden, cornelian, crimson, to that sweetness done up in jet or onyx represented by blackberry jam or jelly.

Remembering all the hot and vexing toil these jars and glasses represent, the housewife has well earned a right to feel a little elated and to gloat over these treasures she has garnered from the summer; and if, while she stands as a conqueror with the tribulations of the path behind only dimly remembered in the present hour of triumph, let us not be too severe upon her if we hear her saying softly to herself, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," for no one is going to say it to her; and be sure a sigh will swiftly follow, for there is no pot of ointment without suspicion, at least, of a fly; no perfect flower, or hope, or love, and this beauty must be eaten!

Yes, all this wealth of tint, representing the



brooding tenderness of the summer sky, the motherly care of the good, kind earth, the warmth of odorous airs, the refreshing of gentle rainfalls, and gathered and concentrated by such an expenditure of time, and muscle and brain, is to go down at a few gulps!

Oh dear! shut the pantry door.

The cook books are not infallible in their suggestions as to the different fruits to be preserved and pickled.

There are some fruits and vegetables whose good qualities are so evanescent they are fit for use only for a summer's day, and no sweet and no sour can conserve them for a future purpose.

There are some fitted by nature to be preserved only through the addition of sweet, others only through the addition of sour, and it takes some experience to find out all this, for, as I said, the cook books are not infallible.

For instance: they will, with many words, tell how such an elegant preserve can be made out of a certain fruit, and, following the directions with a watering mouth—they read so good—you produce a most insipid mess, for the nature of the fruit was not

such that sweet could be added to it without detriment amounting to the destruction of it.

But take the same fruit and preserve it by the addition of sour, that is, put it in a bath of good cider vinegar, and, as like as not, you have made a splendid pickle to be eaten with your oysters, as the sour has brought out what the sweet seemed to destroy.

To find out what fruit will make the best preserve, and what will make the best pickle, is one of the duties of the housewife, and herein is distraction and mortification, and justifiable anger in the young housekeeper who puts implicit faith in the cook books.

Let it be added, however, for her encouragement, that if she shall give herself to repeated experiments, she shall, in the course of years, find herself in a position to give forth Nestorian utterances on the subject worth more than all the cook books that were ever written, to an awe-struck, younger generation, who shall always pickle and preserve just so because "Grandma always did!"

We eat, and we are eaten. It is that, and only that at last. And though the imagination of a housekeeper must necessarily be somewhat cramped

by her occupation, yet, in all the years she gives to find out what sweet and sour will do for fruits, it is not unnatural to suppose her thoughts may spread a little farther than her pickling and preserving kettle, though the flight will be a prosaic rather than a poetic one.

From the kettle of peach marmalade, or blackberry jam, or cucumbers, simmering under their covering of grape leaves, might very naturally bubble up some such thoughts as these.

Life is but a great pickling and preserving kettle for us poor mortals, with its sweet and sour represented by the joys and pleasures, the sorrows and cares this world presents to us.

Can life, through its sweet and sour, preserve us for eternity any such a toothsome morsel as we conserve these dainties to a future existence through their bath of sugar or vinegar?

Is there anything in us really worthy of this immortality we are so anxious to possess?

Some fruits are fit for use but for a day, and some insects we see who flutter their round of a perfected life from sun to sun.


To strip an honest soul stark naked, and let its

eyes be turned upon itself in earnest inquiry, might it not easily come to doubt whether its own interests or the interests of others would be much advanced by a prolonged existence, and might it not be very easily led to believe that it would be as well for it as for the insect to flutter its brief life from sun to sun?

It will, at least, do us no harm to flatten our bump of self-esteem enough to ask the question, though an answer in the negative might be followed by a great silence, for those of us who cry the loudest for this life hereafter, and protest the most absolute faith in it, too often seem to have the least in us that is worthy of it.

But, if the soul, so questioning itself, can answer with an honest affirmation, that it does find something in it worthy to outlast the present little hour of life, then does it not follow that life should be bravely borne, whether it come sweet, or whether it come sour?

We look around us, and we see lives to whom nothing but sour seems to come. From the cradle to the grave, day after day, and year after year, their steps are dogged by care, and sorrow, and suffering.



We see other lives through all their years made beautiful and pleasant through the ministry of wealth, and pleasures, and honors, and we are disposed to wonder and question.

But consider. The end is not yet. The perfect work of life's sweet and sour upon the soul can not be made manifest on earth.

Let this faith only be ours. Nature, unlike the cook books, never makes a mistake. What the soul needs, inevitably and irresistibly gravitates to it.

So shall the sweets of life be welcomed and rightly used, and the sour as rightly used, and patiently and bravely borne—believing that the end of all is to conserve us poor fruits of time to some eternal purpose.

So may it be.



TENTH PAPER.



# HASH AND HEROISM.



“Simple duty hath no place for fear.”





## HASH AND HEROISM.

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**T**HE Scripture command the frugal housewife obeys most constantly and conscientiously is to "gather up the fragments, so that nothing be lost," and if she be a skillful compounder, she finds her reward in this: that the fragments, made into a dish, will oftentimes be more appetizing than in their first estate.

Yesterday's roast, and potatoes baked with it, was a good enough dinner, but a far better dish may be made to-day, with what was left of the roast and potatoes, mixed into a hash, the mass pervaded by the slightest suspicion of the breath of an onion.

In the long list of heroes before whom the world bends in homage I can recall no one crowned as a faithful compounder of hashes; and in the longer

list of holy ones who have suffered and died in defense of what they conceived to be the truth, and whom the church canonizes as her saints and her martyrs, no gatherer of the fragments has a name.

And yet, to stand on a height for once in your life; for one hour to be the center of observation, if not of admiration, to a mob of fellow-worms, who hooted and howled about you as you were on the way to the stake or the gallows, I think that would be a less strain upon the heroic elements of one's nature than to be slowly, slowly roasting over a kitchen stove, day after day, with not even the poor privilege of calling the martyrdom a sacrifice to Patriotism or Religion.

This is the fiery path trodden by every conscientious Hash Compounder and Gatherer of the Fragments, and so worthier, I think, of a crown than the John Rogers tribe, who snatch immortal glory from the blaze of an hour, hot as that hour may have been.

Or slow, or rapid burning with the Martyr and with the Hash Compounder, it is undergone at the bidding of the voice of duty.

“Duty.” It is a grand word; it has a royal, even a god-like sound; and yet what crimes have been committed in the sacred name and for the sake of Duty!

In the unrecorded lives, what waste of affection, what crushing out of impulses, what abnegations that have made lives utter wrecks and wastes, have been often made at the fancied call of Duty, and were sacrifices that God never demanded!

The royal, bloody demon, Catharine, gave the order for the murder of the Huguenots, and looked unmoved on the butchery about her, because a zealot's conscience heard, as she thought, the voice of Duty.


You administered a small St. Bartholomew to your youngest boy this morning, and said it was your duty; and you discoursed to your wife at the breakfast table on the sin of spring bonnets and the awful depravity of an empty flour barrel, also at the bidding of the same august voice, and all forgotten was the chunk of cheese you ate the last thing before going to bed last night!

And many and many a time it is just so with all

of us; we imagine the heavens to open and a voice call out to us, bidding us to do this, or that, when it may be but the protest of the stomach against an undigested morsel of cheese; so that we need to study well the tones of the calling voice to know whether it really be Duty's very own.

According to Theodore Parker, "It is a thing possible that all work of the human race shall one day become as educational and as attractive as the work of the poet and the naturalist is to them. Then there will be no drudgery in the world."

I cry, "God speed the time," though I greatly fear this generation shall pass away, and yet other and others, before such salvation shall come; and until that time the truth remains, the disheartening truth, O Hash Compounders, as Plutarch says in his life of Pericles, and we verify the remark daily, "If a man apply himself to servile or mechanical employments, his industry in those things is a proof of his inattention to nobler studies." Or, as the old negro, whose mistress had insisted on educating her, excused her dirty corners with, "Missus, you can't have grammar and clean corner."



The old negro was right, meaning absolutely, though, an approach to both "grammar and clean corner" may be made, and that is about the best a "gatherer of the fragments" can do.

It is not the large roast and the large loaf, but what is done with the fragments of the roast and the loaf, that makes the difference in the comfort or discomfort, in the competence or poverty of so many of our homes.

And it is not the many years that are given us, but the use we make of the odds and ends of days, that brings our souls to lankness or to fullness.

A wise and prudent "gatherer of the fragments" will not allow that any bits of bread or meat shall be wasted; and this care will not be found in the miserly character, but the rather will be exhibited in the generous nature that likes to see abundance and will take the pains to secure it, just as Nature, when seemingly most lavish, exacts the just tax due from each tiny grain of earth to produce the lavishness.

There is an economy of food that is as bad as waste, or worse: To save the broken meats, and thus, with extra waste of time and worry of spirit,

produce a dish that, after all, finds its way to the swill bucket because human stomachs reject it!

It is the curse of ignorance that it produces so many dishes; and not the less is it through ignorance that we women waste or falsely economize in the odds and ends of time that with more knowledge we might be able to put to nobler purpose.

How she shall best proportion "Grammar and clean corner" is a question of paramount importance to woman. To answer it she needs to remember there is much that is purely conventional in the arrangement and management of our homes and in the use we make of their fragments, whether of food or of time; and, remembering this, to determine how much is absolutely necessary, and how much is simply conventional, and can be changed or dispensed with, and then to exact of herself a conscientious and rigid economy in the use of the fragments, and in this way only can woman reconcile "Grammar and clean corner."

To get from lives so pressed with seemingly conflicting duties, what they should yield us, we need to cry most earnestly, with the dying poet, for "more light," that we may know what really is our duty.

And, as I write, there rises before me the figure of One who can teach more clearly than another, or all others.

Not the Christ with the thorn-crowned brow, hanging pierced and bleeding, and dying between two thieves—I seek not Him, that, looking on his dying agonies, my own may be softened; but I turn to the Jesus of toilsome and discouraging days and years, that some of the strength and beauty of his life may flow into my own.

O, grand and beautiful Nazarene!

Not alone on Calvary did he find his cross. He was bound to it through the years when he went about doing good.

Think you there was never any revolt in the mind of Jesus, any questioning as to duty, when the gentle, the refined, the grand of soul, was called upon day after day to associate with the coarse, the impure and the vile?

Well may we look to him as we go upon our weary round of humble, oftentimes distasteful tasks, and learn of him to “gather up the fragments so that nothing be lost,” whether the fragments be of food, or strength or time.





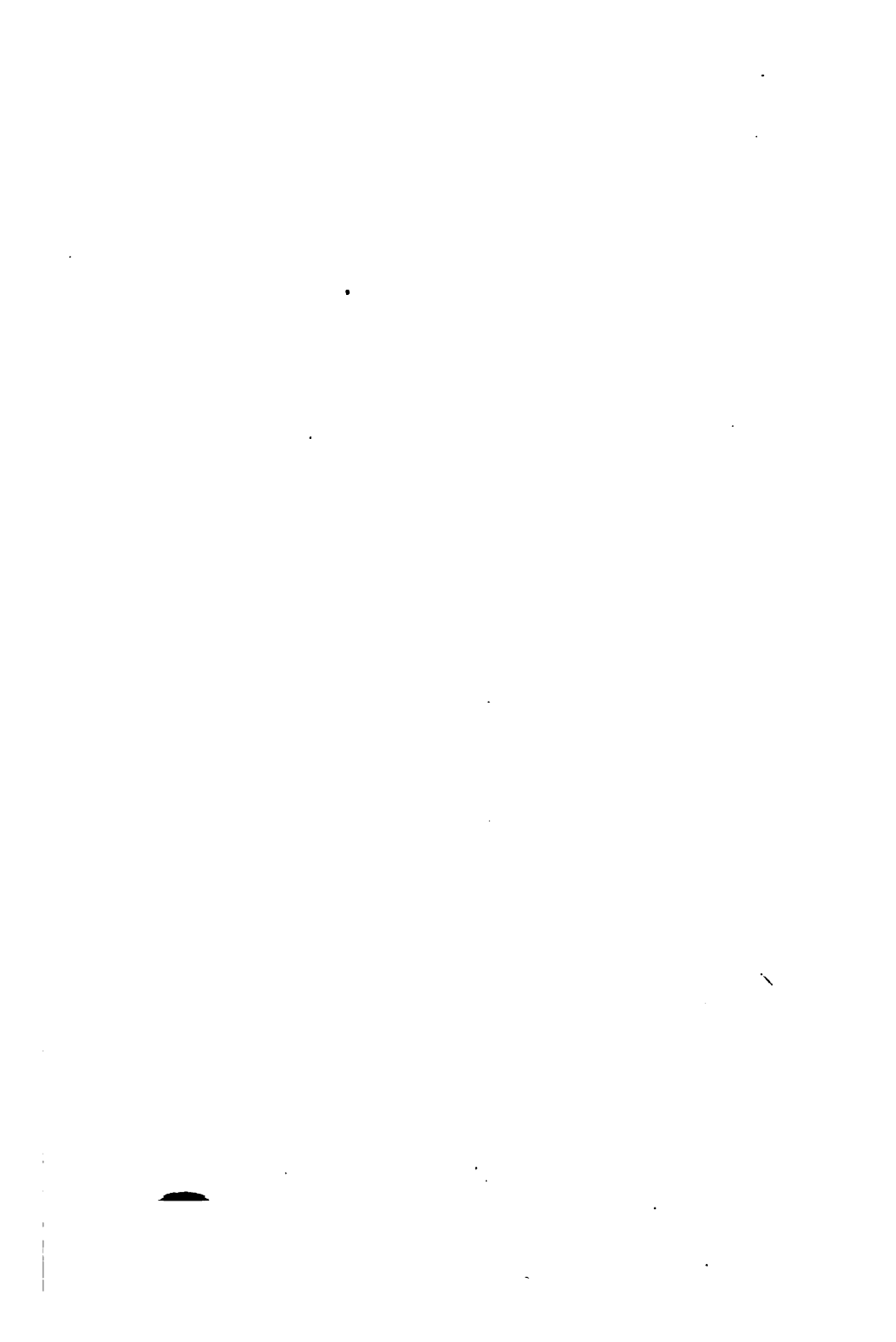
ELEVENTH PAPER.



# A WOMAN'S RIGHT.




“For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.”



## A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

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 AM humble. "'Umble" as was Uriah Heep, for bear me witness that I do not dash out boldly and defiantly and flaunt the "Rights of Women" in the face of a much-tried world, for I but call *my* modest appeal,

### A Woman's Right.

I confess I have had thoughts on the larger subject, but one day last winter, after listening to the words of a woman on the subject—a woman who is more queenly in the true royalty of womanhood than the Queen Elizabeth of whom she speaks, and who, by virtue of such nobility of character, gives a weight to every word that commands respect, if it does not bring conviction, and before whose earnest and essentially womanly soul the shafts of petty wit, and malice, and slander fall harmlessly—I was

pondering on the words of this woman as I wended my way homeward, when I came upon an acquaintance, "a man and a brother," one of the lately enfranchised, to whom I laughingly said I had been listening to a speech on woman's rights, and that I hoped to vote some day.

Immediately he drew himself to the full stature of his manly height, and with the arrogant wisdom born of ages of brutality, ignorance and the master's lash, he said :

"What do you know 'bout votin' ? Yo' place is in the kitchen, to cook fo' us men !"

I walked on, still pondering. Since that day the wings of my soaring ambition have been so effectually clipped they can scarce show a pin-feather.

But do extremes meet, or is our civilization also a failure ?

Not long after this cruel clipping I was in one of our large stores where a handsomely-dressed couple, evidently husband and wife, stood at the towel counter pricing the goods.

Piece after piece was handed for inspection, first given to the wife, but immediately passed to the

husband, showing very evidently that he alone was the consenting or rejecting party. Finally, after rejecting every piece she timidly suggested might do, he ordered two yards and a half of ten cent crash of his own selecting to be cut off, and drew out his pocket-book and handed the clerk a quarter.

But I was too fast with my indignation that she should have nothing to say in this great business transaction, for it led me to underrate his magnanimity of soul. When the little package was returned to him he handed it to her, and she was allowed the honor of carrying the bundle! he stalking before her out of the store like an Indian chief-tain, she meekly following like an Indian squaw, with her little bundle of crash in her hands.

Had I hinted my desire to vote to this man, as I did to the "man and brother," this proud Caucasian would have drawn himself to *his* full height, and with the arrogant wisdom born of the civilization of the 19th century, where the accumulated culture of ages has been poured till it burns with the light of dawning truths that should make such stupid owls as this to blink and sneak away in silence, he too, as the

"man and brother," would have said, "What do you know about voting? Your place is in the kitchen to cook for us men."

Such men as this, who do not hesitate to bestow their names upon women and give their honor to their keeping, and yet allow them less liberty in matters of taste or expenditure than a woman would be ashamed to exact of a rightly trained five years old child, are always most violently opposed to, and most angrily denounce anything looking to the increased freedom of woman.

However, let us leave the big sheep to be discussed by wiser heads, and return to our tiny mutton.

Accepting ourselves at the valuation of such men as these, that woman's place is in the kitchen, or, to word it more ambitiously, that "woman is the queen of the home," the right I ask for is that we be allowed to reign undisputed there.

It is hardly the honest thing to call a woman a queen and then twist a paper wreath about her head. It savors of absurdity, and, besides, it is difficult to tell whether she wears a crown or a fool's cap!

You can go into houses, every day of your life, where the carpet, the paper and the furniture glare so wildly and antagonistically at each other that you can only look in a mute and a frightened appeal to the mistress for an explanation which is sure to be this, "Mr., or rather father—it is generally father with these women—just would have this paper, or this carpet. Isn't it horrid? It doesn't suit a single thing in the room."

You may go into houses where there are five or six chambers, and to these six rooms you shall find only one closet, and that but a foot in depth, between whose dark, narrow jaws you would not for a moment think of trusting your best dress, knowing it would come out squeezed beyond recognition and Christian endurance.

You may go to the kitchen of such houses, perfectly confident you shall find no pantry, no sink, no cupboard worthy of the name, and no conveniences whatever for doing the work other than in the most laborious manner.


When you see such a house as this, you need not ask—you may be sure without asking—that "father

planned it," for there never was a woman who saw a house being built that did not chirp, "Closet, closet," while it rose, from the first stone of the foundation to the last brick in the chimney top.

A man's idea of enjoying his home is to come into the house, particularly at noon of a hot July day, and, with very slightly smothered ejaculations, fling open every shutter and pull every curtain to its extreme height, letting in a cloud of dust, a swarm of flies and a flood of sunshine. Then he can throw himself on the lounge, his soul little vexed that his couch is green, the carpet looking up at him glows in colors of scarlet, and blue, and yellow, and looking down from the wall are all the hues of the rainbow.

A man can be cheerful under such circumstances—yea, he can even be jolly—and if you call his attention to any incongruity, you are silenced by the remark that it was the costliest carpet, or paper, as the case may be, in the store.

As, comparatively speaking, so little of a man's life is spent in his home, it is just as well not to argue with him as to his method of enjoying himself while there.





But, with the "household queen," the greater part of whose life is spent in the home, the surroundings are a matter of the greatest importance.

A woman can be made positively unhappy through incongruities in the arrangement or furnishing of a home that a man would not notice, and her life can be made an almost intolerable burden for the lack of little conveniences here and there about the house for doing the work.


I say, then, if home is woman's kingdom, she should have undisputed sway there as to the arrangement and furnishing of her territory.

I am not much acquainted with the ways of royalty, but I suppose when a queen goes out shopping, if any one goes along with her, it is to be useful only in carrying her purse, and she makes her purchases without any reference to him, save occasionally when in a very gracious mood she may appeal half jestingly to his taste, when, of course, his loyalty will cause him to echo her own. In just such royal style should the purchasing for the home and family be made by these "household queens" about whom so much fine writing is done, while

they are in the kitchen breaking their backs over an old-time wash-board !

I have worked this summer in a kitchen so small that when you got the stove in and the safe you went out doors to turn around, for if you tried to do so in the room you were in danger of falling into the cellar, the door of which is cut in the center of the floor, put there, I suppose, for the express purpose of inviting such a catastrophe, as I certainly never have been able to discover any other reason. No heat is lost in this cosy little spot, for the ceiling is just about a foot and a half above your head, about which the hot air burns till you know you have brains, for you hear them frying. Think not here to hide from public view any pot, or skillet, or pan, for in all their naked majesty the four walls rise up perfectly unsuspecting of cupboard, or pantry, or any device for hiding or setting anything out of sight.

Would a woman ever have planned such a delectable place as this to work in, knowing half her life must be passed here, and knowing how much better done, how much more easily done, so far as mind and body both are concerned, the work of the kitchen, when it is at all conveniently arranged ?



No! Some man who said, "Yo' place is in the kitchen," planned this kitchen, and his wife stood by and saw years of misery and ill-health rise up before her and said never a word, because she had been trained to believe her place *was* in the kitchen.

Verily, such meek are less likely to inherit the earth than to be swept entirely from it!

It is calculated to give one a feeling of importance to be called "Queen of the Home," and I like so well to read the fine writing that men write about women, even when I know they only mean, "Yo' place is in the kitchen to cook for us men;" that when I read such pretty writing as, "Cooking is an art which every true woman should possess a knowledge of;" "The way to elevate the kitchen is to carry higher ideas of duty into it;" "A perfect pudding is on the side of law, order and God," I feel so exalted and enthusiastic that I cry aloud, "I am no more a drudge, but a priestess, and the stove is my shrine!" and I rush out to try my hand at a perfect pudding.

But what poor sneaks we poor humans too often are when brought face to face with a duty stripped of all sentimentalism!

My stove blazes with so intense a heat that I hear my brains beginning to bubble, while my enthusiasm oozes out with the streaming perspiration.

Alas! I am only a cook after all, in the hot eight feet square kitchen; or, if a priestess, but a wailing Cassandra, who cries,

“Woe! woe! woe! this dreadful cookery!”

How much easier it would be to walk over to the Tenth Ward polls and vote four or five times!

TWELFTH PAPER.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

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“There is another and a better world.”

“Here lies an old woman who always was tired,  
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired.  
Her last words on earth were: Dear friends I am going  
Where washing ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing;  
And everything there will be just to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.  
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,  
But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, and mourn for me never,  
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever.”



## SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

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**H**AD I been situated as was Casabianca, the boy who "stood on the burning deck," I fear I should have fallen far below him in loftiness of conduct, for I should have run if I could; or, not being able to run, I should have made a most disagreeable martyr, for, so long as I had voice, I should have protested against the senselessness of the situation, and so either way I should have lost my chance of being embalmed in immortal verse. But what comfort is it anyhow to be embalmed in immortal verse if one is dead and so can not hear what other folks say about it?

As for me, all through these long, hot summer days my hopes have stood as sister Anna in the story of Bluebeard, at the window, most impatiently watching for deliverance.


Often and often I have called out to them, "Oh! sister Anna, do you see any horsemen?" and as often has sister Anna answered, "Nay, sister, nothing but dust," and the hot and weary summer has dragged its slow and pitiless length along, seemingly deaf and dumb to my calling.

But as all things must have an end—even young love, oh! ardent lover—and the season of the green peas, and tender radish, and all things else earthly, excepting woman's work, so the summer draws to an end at last, and glad October comes, pouring his strengthening wines into the languid veins of the drooping earth, filling her cup with ruddy fruits, and purple grapes, and golden grain, and bidding her to rejoice and rest before sinking to the long, sweet, dreamless sleep of the winter.

It is the Saturday Afternoon of the year.

The work of the summer has all been done and well done, and the year has honestly won the right to rest for a brief space, and look with a calmly retrospective glance upon the days of toil that brought fruition, and to lazily dream of the coming happier hours of most perfect repose.

I envy you, O, Saturday Afternoon of the year!





for that as you look back, you see no imperfect work, no impatience, and no shirking; for that as you look forward, there are no misgivings and no fears.

But there was a time when my joy and my faith was as perfect as yours that moves my envy now to-day.

O, the happy Saturday Afternoons of childhood!

The half holiday given to do as one pleased for a whole afternoon—that is if—with nature and with parents there is always an if to moderate excess of transport, as it were—that is if the Saturday morning tasks had been well done.

They were generally well done, for however it may be as to the future life, it is certainly true that here on earth the hope of reward more surely excites to virtuous action than the fear of promised punishment. An unnatural and feverish industry possessed the boy or the girl who, the day before, had been considered the embodiment of laziness; alas! that the fever should last but a few hours, and the chill should as certainly come on again at the dawn of another day.

But, under the inspiration of the fever, how one worked with prompt and cheerful obedience, watch-

ing the clock meanwhile, and half surprised that it showed no enthusiasm.

Would noon ever, ever come? There were so many ways in which one could press more joy between noon time and dusk than ever afterwards can be done this side of heaven!


It might be it was berry time.

Do you think you have ever eaten a blackberry, you that have never gathered one?

A something you may have eaten that you called a blackberry, because it was bought for such, and you eat it smothered in sugar and cream, but the full taste of a blackberry can only be got under some such circumstances as these:

The careful mother sees that you put on your oldest dress and stoutest shoes, and, after a good deal of coaxing to get you to relinquish the idea of taking two enormous wooden buckets, you start off with the largest tin pail, a quart cup, and a generous lunch, that you insist you will not need, but which never comes home again, and under a fire of scarcely heard admonitions "to be sure to come home before dark."

You are under the care and leadership of a girl a few years older than yourself—always one of the



"story telling tribe"—and the way to the blackberry patch is shortened and enlivened by the recital of most wonderful stories, composed of the odds and ends of other stories dovetailed into each other in a most marvelous way, making them far more wonderful than they could possibly be in the original.

But whatever the patchwork of these wonderful stories, the one central figure is always a snake. The species may vary with the story. It may be a "black snake," or a "racer," or a "cotton-mouth," but the snake is always there, painfully prominent.

In my young years the species that figured most often was a blue racer with a yard-long plume growing out of the top of his head.

My informant solemnly assured me that this somewhat phenomenal creature once chased her a half mile, and she only escaped by jumping over a fence, up which the blue racer and his plume ran easily enough, but a merciful Providence had so arranged him that he could not crawl down, and so he sat on the fence and glared at her with eyes of malignant disappointment!—where he may be found, I suppose, even unto this day. That was an awful story! It made one's back fairly creep, and you resolved to

keep your eyes as well open for snakes as for blackberries.

But your attention is happily distracted, for now you reach the little strip of wood beyond which lie the promised fields.

Was ever blue so blue as in the patches of sky that you see through the high tree tops? Was ever green so green as in the arching boughs that sway above your head? Did ever airs breathe so soft and cool as those that sweep through these quivering leaves, where the brightest of bright sunbeams have first made a way for them? And was ever child's heart so light and so happy as yours?

There is a shout! Canaan lies before you, and the little group scatter and scamper to see who shall be first to the berries.

Here you go! Tin cup rattling in the pail; sun-bonnet falling back on your shoulders, held only by the strings; hair streaming away from your flushed face; unregarded a tumble or two; scarcely thought of the briars that catch at your dress and prick your little ankles, for here are the berries! Here, and there, and everywhere. Who thinks of snakes now? The berries are so big, so black, and sweet and lus-

cious-looking. They drop, almost without touching, into your reaching hand, and from thence they drop, not into your pail, but into your mouth. If you have eaten them so, you have eaten a blackberry.

What matter though you work steadily all the happy afternoon, your pail is only one-third full when it is time to go home? Heaven never intended that a child should gather blackberries on Saturday Afternoon for grown folks to make into pies.

Very tired, but very happy still, you walk home in the deepening shadows, dreamily eat your supper of bread and milk, drowsily listen to the motherly reproof that you strayed so far, and then sink to the deepest, sweetest sleep.

That was a Saturday Afternoon of long ago. You remember some such? If you do, you remember, too, that it was the good boy or girl who got the most enjoyment out of the half holiday.

If you had played "hookey," or had a string of black marks against you for unlearned tasks, or for throwing paper wads against the ceiling, or for drawing frightful caricatures of the teacher on your slate,

and holding them up to make the other scholars titter—if any such misdeeds were written against you, do you not remember, even though the unsuspecting mother gave you your half holiday, there was something in your little breast that, if it was not conscience, was very like it, that prevented you from getting as much enjoyment out of the afternoon as you had sometimes done.

Somehow the wonderful stories did not seem quite so wonderful; the sky was a trifle less blue, and the berries, even the berries, were not so big, and sweet, and luscious as you had known them; and take it all together, this something that was very like conscience made you feel that you would have done as well, if not better, not to have taken your holiday unless you had earned it.

As the child so is the man, for whether prince or peasant, the law of Nature says the motto of life shall be "I serve," and as this motto of life is clung to with more or less faithfulness, so shall be proportioned the reward; not certainly in the shape of honors, and bays, and loud huzzaings of approval—for these things are not always the test of worthy

work worthily done—but each man, however weak or ignorant, has that within his breast that makes him the judge of his own work, and, Napoleon-like, he crowns himself, or he wears his crown not easily nor worthily; but being so self-crowned, he shall stand firm, even though the huzzaiings of approval turn to bitter execrations.

It is not the most important thing that great matters shall constitute our life's work, but in that day that must come when you and I shall sit as sits the Autumn now, with folded hands, looking back over life's Summer work and waiting, only waiting, if the charge is brought against us that our work was of the humblest, happy, thrice happy, shall we be if we can honestly retort,

“Did I not drum well?”

And as we shall turn a retrospective glance upon the shadows that start up before us from the misty past, how they come in strangely changed proportions of interest and importance!

We shall smile as a child over an outgrown toy at that we once periled body or soul to make ours; far, far outweighed shall it be by some half-forgotten


deed, it may be only a few kind words, or the veriest shadow of a smile.

In the Saturday Afternoons of long ago, when we searched the woods for flowers, how we ran here, and there, and everywhere, to gather the sweetest and the rarest. And when our little hands were filled to overflowing, how proudly we started for home, looking regretfully back at the flowers we must leave behind us.

But the flowers in our hands were drooping even then. The excitement of the search for them was over, and the way was hot and dusty, and we were very tired; one by one from our weary hands the drooping flowers fell until even the most cherished dropped unregarded to the dust, and our path homeward was tracked by faded flowers!

And so—kind Nature has ordained it so—of most of the hopes, and dreams, and ambitions that filled the days and the nights of the past—they were but as flowers that we searched for, that drooped in our clasp, and dropped unregarded from our weary hands.

And now the shadows lower and lower fall, and we sit waiting, only waiting.





It comes at last—that mysterious kindness that men call Death—and because of the mystery have clothed with superstitious terrors that do not belong to him.

Not terrible to us, for with cleared vision we see the happy peace and rest behind the mask, and gladly as a bride unto a lover's arms we give ourselves to the sheltering arms of Death.



